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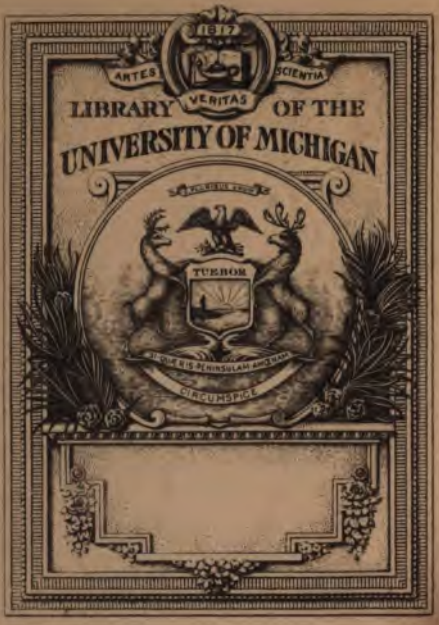

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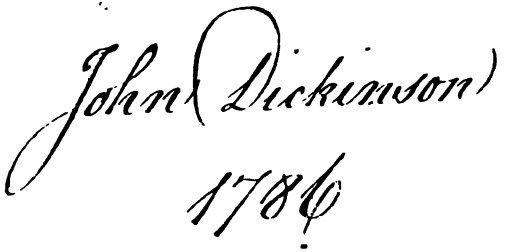
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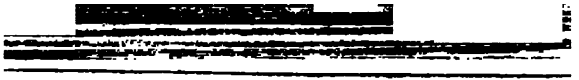

DRYDEN.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

REFACES,

GRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

Y SAMUEL JOHNSON.

OLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

DRYDEN.

VOLUME I.

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THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

VOLUME I.

VERSES

IN PRAISE OF

MR. DRYDEN.

On Mr. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI. By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial, men from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic power aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heaven to ſwine:
What then have thinking honeſt men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?

Nor can th' Ægyptian patriarch blame thy muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay:
'Tis true: but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?

O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln angels room will be but ill ſupply'd.

That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity, profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

To my Friend, Mr. JOHN DRYDEN, on his ſeveral excellent Tranſlations of the ancient Poets.

By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.

AS flow'rs, tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die;
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught.
While we tranſfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Celeſtial poet! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts India's mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chooſe:
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee,
Who moſt excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

To Mr. Dryden, by Joseph Addison, Eſq.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt.

Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle:
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.

Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.

O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble tale prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams,
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

From Mr. ADDISON'S Account of the ENGLISH POETS.

BUT ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh, unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all:
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay in thee;
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

On

On ALEXANDER'S FEAST: Or, The POWER of MUSICK. An ODE.

From Mr POPE's ESSAY on CRITICISM, l. 376.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound.
The power of Muſick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER of DRYDEN,

From an ODE of GRAY'S.

BEhold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear:
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

MR. DRYDEN'S ORIGINAL POEMS.

Upon the DEATH of Lord HASTINGS.

MUST noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt virtue prove death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murther deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Though not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.

His

Heaven

Heaven would no longer truſt its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil;
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh did ſprout
Like roſe-buds, ſtuck i'th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:
Which, rebel-like, with it's own lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corps might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their life?
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged ſires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, ſummer, ſpring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i'th' ſprig, i'th' blade the corn;
Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.

Muſt

Muſt then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out ?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital !
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal !
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic give ?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die ? ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet ?
Grief makes me rail ; ſorrow will force its way ;
And ſhowers of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail ; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
  But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-raviſh'd ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful ſire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, though not his body, to thy bed :
Let that make thee a mother ; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth ;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies ; give
Haſtings o'th' better part : ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half ; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic divine progeny :
An iſſue, which, t'eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th'irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no mauſoleums : for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

HEROIC

Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell, written after his Funeral.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have borne him to the ſky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of public voice;
Since heaven, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praiſe no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such monuments as we can build to raiſe;
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame ſo truly circular;
For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

His

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him ſo:
And wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the ſun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did freſh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' ſway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt fought t'inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhewn,
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland to no intereſt true,
Yet bleſt that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

Nor

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-weigh'd:
He turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;
Indian mines were in the other laid.

When

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of nature, ſaw
How ſhe complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue heaven ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high ſpring our foreign conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If ſprings as high as fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Engliſh lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We tear'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Not dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,
But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As, near the center, motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

XXXV.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' isle, when her protecting genius went,
[illegible]on his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
  But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
  As winds for halcyons, when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
  His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
  Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Reſtoration and Return of his ſacred Majeſty CHARLES II, 1660.

" Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." VIRG.

The laſt great age foretold by ſacred rhimes
Renews it's finiſh'd courſe: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

NOW with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While our's, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring ſkies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,

Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And heaven, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace
As nature bred, and intereſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide,
While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence church and ſtate did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, faction ſeiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſt:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our ſires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at power which for themſelves they ſought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
What king, what crown, from treaſon's reach is free,
(Jove and heaven can violated be?)

The

The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſperous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,
Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows, with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſir'd age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger ſought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.

How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs?
For when his early valour Heaven had croſt;
And all at Worc'ſter but the honour loſt;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay,
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much; his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To buſineſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On night the honour'd name of Counſeller,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In ſuch adverſities to ſcepters train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandſire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;

Shock'd

Shock'd by a covenanting league's vaſt powers,
As holy and as catholic as our's:
'Till fortune's fruitleſs ſpite had made it known,
Her blows not ſhook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, loſt in ſleep and eaſe,
No action leave to buſy chronicles:
Such, whoſe ſupine felicity but makes
In ſtory chaſms, in epocha miſtakes;
O'er whom Time gently ſhakes his wings of down,
'Till with his ſilent ſickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild diſtemper'd rage
Of ſome black ſtar infecting all the ſkies,
Made him at his own coſt like Adam wiſe.
Tremble ye nations, which ſecure before,
Laugh'd at thoſe arms that 'gainſt ourſelves we bore;
Rouz'd by the laſh of his own ſtubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes aſſail.
With alga who the ſacred altar ſtrews?
To all the ſea gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, ſhall be ſlain,
A lamb to you, ye tempeſts of the main:
For thoſe loud ſtorms that did againſt him roar,
Have caſt his ſhipwreck'd veſſel on the ſhore.
Yet as wiſe artiſts mix their colours ſo,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black ſteals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd ſight:
So on us ſtole our bleſſed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but ſcarce the manner ſee.

But when ourſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the mint like gold that chemiſts make.
How hard was then his taſk! at once to be
What in the body naturally we ſee?
Man's architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of muſcles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewleſs conduits ſpirits to diſpenſe;
The ſprings of motion from the ſeat of ſenſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wiſe delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ſtrook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ſtomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtraight doth cruſh.
Wiſe leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till ſome ſafe criſis authorize their ſkill.
Nor could his acts too cloſe a vizard wear,
To 'ſcape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted neſt,
Whence Legion twice before was diſpoſſeſt:
Once ſacred houſe; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could ſanctify a ſin;
Like thoſe that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to exceſs on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks firſt warn their ſouls
To part, before they taſte forbidden bowls:
So theſe, when their black crimes they went about,
Firſt timely charm'd their uſeleſs conſcience out.

Re-

Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous millions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound.
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit
To spoil their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lod by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their designs must spend at richer rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
(As seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
With troops, and barren now no more,)

Afflicted

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True ſorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd ſails deny'd.
The wavering ſtreamers, flags, and ſtandards out,
The merry ſeamen's rude but chearful ſhout;
And laſt the cannons voice that ſhook the ſkies,
And, as it fares in ſudden ecſtaſies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles's name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swift-ſure groans beneath great Gloſter's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles's voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had miracles confeſs'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtraighten'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge.
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted faſces of the main.

AND

AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching clifts of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs, which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, goodneſs, mercy, in his name.
Your power to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws;
Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite.
And as thoſe lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, ſpilt;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crouds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore:

While,

While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe, who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an intereſt in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar, that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Thoſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.
Our nation with united intereſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe dangers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he beſtows;

And

And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of parties ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are wearied into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they,
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſt example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

To His SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC on his CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and ſin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlippery ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal ſir, to ſee you landed here,
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:

Til

Till your kind beams, by their continued ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore,
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:
Soft weſtern winds waft o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flowers and bloſſoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heaven this day is feaſted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each ſingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;

And

And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſic herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace, all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful ſound,
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you;
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.

No

No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation heats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous ſects, that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heaven ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after-ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a ſovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends?
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer evenings you repair
To taſte the *fraicheur* of the purer air:

Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fiſhes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep;
When, tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb, ordain'd by fate,
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe:
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.

Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chuſe only, ſir, that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their children's happineſs.

To the Lord Chancellor HYDE.
Preſented on New-Year's Day, 1662.

My Lord,

WHILE flattering crouds officiouſly appear
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes, who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your flames are with their beauty loſt,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your miſtreſſes, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now preſent, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the church's ſovereign riſe;
From their own order choſe, in whoſe high ſtate,
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion ſuffer'd baniſhment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and ſmoke,
The helpleſs gods their burning ſhrines forſook;

They with the vanquiſh'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again,
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem reviv'd by fate,
While you diſpenſe the laws, and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our monarch, does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Untill the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky:
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of buſineſs in your laboring mind.
So when the weary ſun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,

In

In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſincumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heaven would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue, which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you
(Too great for any ſubject to retain),
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, paſſing through your hands, it gathers more,
As ſtreams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly ſhew that ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Thoſe rich perfumes, which, from the happy ſhore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd;
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame aſſure,
Which kings muſt have, or cannot live ſecure:

For proſperous princes gain their ſubjects heart,
Who love that praiſe in which themſelves have part.
By you he fits thoſe ſubjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unſeen, and man to his deſigns,
By his bright miniſters the ſtars, inclines.
Our ſetting ſun, from his declining ſeat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his laſt ſad times,
That is a ſufferer in his ſubjects crimes:
Thus thoſe firſt favours you receiv'd, were ſent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly puniſhment.
Yet fortune, conſcious of your deſtiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you ſoftly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn all at once you dazzled ſo our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods ſurprize:
When, ſpringing forth from Jove's new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike ſpear into the ground;
Which ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful olives ſhaded as they roſe.
How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noiſe;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our ſenſe behind,

While

While you ſo ſmoothly turn and rowl our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For, as in nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a rate
You can ſecure the conſtancy of fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhower a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat, that in the ſun-ſhine fall.
You have already wearied fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews: no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flowers to court the ſight:
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf a while
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;

And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempeſts vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years.
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new-year, whoſe motions never ceaſe.
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

SATIRE on the DUTCH.

Written in the Year 1662.

AS needy gallants, in the ſcrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe, who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe, who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.

Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falſhood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion:
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

As Cato, fruits of Afric did diſplay;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude;
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdued.

To her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE over the HOLLANDERS, June the 3d, 1665. and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt:
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:

Thoſe,

Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore;
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them as his ſlaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:

To

To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondering at the ſhow.
So when the new-born Phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

AN-

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE

YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

To the METROPOLIS of GREAT-BRITAIN, the moſt renowned and late flouriſhing CITY of LONDON, in its REPRESENTATIVES, the LORD-MAYOR and Court of ALDERMEN, the SHERIFFS, and COMMON-COUNCIL of it.

AS perhaps I am the firſt who ever preſented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; ſo it is likewiſe conſonant to juſtice, that he who was to give the firſt example of ſuch a dedication ſhould begin it with that city, which has ſet a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unſhaken conſtancy. Other cities have been praiſed for the ſame virtues, but I am much deceived if any have ſo dearly purchaſed their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expenſive, though neceſſary war, a conſuming peſtilence, and a more conſuming fire. To ſubmit yourſelves with that humility to the judgments of heaven, and at the ſame time to raiſe yourſelves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph: I know not whether ſuch trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverſes of fortune, and the interpoſition

of

of many rivals, who violently ravished and with-held you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your christian and civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages; and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired, than by,

The greatest of your admirers,
And most humble of your servants,
JOHN DRYDEN.

An

An Account of the enſuing POEM,

In a LETTER to the

Hon. Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM ſo many ways obliged to you, and ſo little able to return your favours, that, like thoſe who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleneſs, but you have been ſolicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindneſs. It is not long ſince I gave you the trouble of peruſing a play for me, and now, inſtead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But ſince you are to bear this perſecution, I will at leaſt give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never ſuffer in a nobler cauſe. For I have choſen the moſt heroic ſubject, which any poet could deſire: I have taken upon me to deſcribe the motives, the beginning, progreſs, and ſucceſſes, of a moſt juſt and neceſſary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and ſeamen; and three glorious victories, the reſult of all. After this, I have, in the Fire, the moſt deplorable, but withal the greateſt, argument that can be ima-

gined: the deſtruction being ſo ſwift, ſo ſudden, ſo vaſt and miſerable, as nothing can parallel in ſtory. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having ſerved my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almoſt obliged to it: and I know no reaſon we ſhould give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremoſt in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never ſuffer in their peaſants. I ſhould not have written this but to a perſon who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generoſity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which deſcribes the Fire, I owe, firſt to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his ſuffering ſubjects; and, in the ſecond place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were ſo conſpicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deſerve. I have called my poem Hiſtorical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But ſince the action is not properly one, nor that accompliſhed in the laſt ſucceſſes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few ſtanzas, which are little more in number than a ſingle Iliad, or the longeſt of the Æneids. For this reaſon (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too ſeverely to the laws of hiſtory) I am apt to agree with thoſe, who rank Lucan, rather among hiſtorians in verſe, than Epic poets: in whoſe room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worſe writer, may *more juſtly* be admitted. I have choſen to write my

poem

poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and numbers, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the

Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verſes of ſix feet; ſuch as amongſt us is the old tranſlation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ſtanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are uſed at ſea: and if there be any ſuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharſalia, yet I could not avail myſelf of it in the Engliſh; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly, as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription, would veil their ignorance.

"Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
"Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?"

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being firſt written, and now

ſent you from a place where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia ſponte ſua "reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of

my poem; I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. It is not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech, that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment repreſents it proper to

the ſubject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, ſignificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expreſſion. For the two firſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or in fine any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of

their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"——Totamque infuſa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet."

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas."

" ——— lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
" Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
" Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid,

" Ma-

"Materiem ſuperabat opus:" the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſo's:

"Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
"Reddiderit junctura novum———"

But I am ſenſible I have preſumed too far to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that art which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my maſter in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, ſir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this poem, you have taken notice of ſome words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verſe; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

"Et

" Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
" Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——"

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty; how much more juſtly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the ſame prerequiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of Latin writers! In ſome places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediouſneſs, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroic poeſy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter; for the one ſhews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the Epic poeſy, and for the hiſtoric and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, " Stantes in curribus Æmi-
" liani,"

"liani," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, "Spirantia mollius æra:" there is ſomewhat more of ſoftneſs and tenderneſs to be ſhewn in them. You will ſoon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have ſeen a paper of verſes, which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutcheſs, have accuſed them of that only thing I could defend in them. They ſaid, I did "humi ſerpere;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to ſet it off. I might well anſwer with that of Horace, "Nunc "non erat his locus;" I knew I addreſſed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance; but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to ſpeak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, ſir, it is time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the publick to detain you longer. In concluſion, I muſt leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of thoſe, of whom the younger Pliny ſpeaks; "Nec ſunt parum multi, "qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant:" I am rather

too

too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiſs in correcting them; if you will not withal conſider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour you can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe upon your management what is deareſt to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the ſtory of the gameſter who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, chriſtened all the children by his ſurname, that if, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould do ſo by one name, as well as by the other. But ſince the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reaſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendſhip, to which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The moſt obedient, and moſt

Faithful of your ſervants,

From Charlton in Wiltſhire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

I.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eaſtern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceilon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her watery ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V. Thus,

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each land:
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain:
And while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them, whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our king; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI. His

XI.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the watery ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII. Whe-

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious king,
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon amongſt the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean ſaw.

XXIII. To

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpeaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms repenting part of it reſtor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh ocean ſent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon, who twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer!

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his boſom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhew:
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite:
Would heaven for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before:
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants first vows for them to heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war severely like itself appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler ſight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whoſe ſhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and ſo defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, ſo different is the fight;
Their mounting ſhot is on our ſails deſign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a paſſage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whoſe batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like ſome old oak which tempeſts beat,
He ſtands, and ſees below his ſcatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, ſhelter ſought;
But he who meets all danger with diſdain,
Ev'n in their face his ſhip to anchor brought,
And ſteeple-high ſtood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this exceſs of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoſt of his foes a while withdraw:
With ſuch reſpect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers ſaw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings diſplay,
And theirs the nobleſt ſpoils of Britain ſeek.

LXV.

Mean-time his buſy mariners he haſtes,
His ſhatter'd ſails with rigging to reſtore;
And willing pines aſcend his broken maſts,
Whoſe lofty heads riſe higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like ſwans, in long array his veſſels ſhow,
Whoſe creſts advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the ſea
They drive, and ſquander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkeley alone, who neareſt danger lay,
Did a like fate with loſt Creüſa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to purſue
The combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' Engliſh fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great leader's fame;
In fiery dreams the Dutch they ſtill deſtroy,
And ſlumbering ſmile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run;
Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.

LXXI. In

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never till now unwilling to obey:
They, not their wounds, but want of ſtrength deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

LXXV.

Then to the reſt, Rejoice, ſaid he, to-day;
In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
Among ſo brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

If number Engliſh courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met our foes:
Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations chearfully they go;
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That like the ſword-fiſh in the whale they fought:
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conqueſts former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghoſts of our great Harries roſe,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To ſee this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles ſhould riſe.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chaſe-guns through our ſterns they ſend:
Cloſe by their fire-ſhips, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII. Si-

LXXXIII.

Silent in ſmoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In theſe the height of pleas'd revenge is ſhewn,
Who burn contented by another's ſide.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting ſquadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome friend,
Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And Engliſh fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd fowl, ſwim lagging on the main;
Their greater loſs their numbers ſcarce confeſs,
While they loſe cheaper than the Engliſh gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen, when whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who ſafe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX. Yet

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And generouſly with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael, ſafe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold ſin
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV. This

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood:
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful general ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

That happy ſun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI. Yet

CI.

Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now, his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with virtue be at ſtrife:
This as a ranſom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad general knows:
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And every ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days, but to purſue.

CVII. Then,

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him, whom no danger were he there could fright,
Now abſent every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the prince's paſſage, hills of ſand,
And dangerous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
Wiſh one, like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill.

CXIX. Thus

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight:
Whoſe navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms beſtows.

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he fails:
So glides ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken waining moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow;
Where the thin ſcattering trees admit the light,
And ſhun each other's ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below:
Without grim death rides barefac'd in their ſight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the prince's main-maſt bore:
All three now helpleſs by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI. So

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A courſe, till tir'd before the dog ſhe lay:
Who ſtretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Paſt power to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can purſue:
Laſting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watery field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles wow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are households which the great must guide.

CXXXIX.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he like heaven does each day's labour bless.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and kings work, when they their work survey,
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd vessels first with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvaſs from rich Hamburgh ſent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their maſts in battle ſpent,
And Engliſh oak, ſprung leaks and planks, reſtore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some ſound the trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax ſome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

So here ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum through each ſeam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the ſeams inſtops:
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

MS.

CLV.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters ſwam,
An uſcleſs drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd firſt a floating trough became,
And croſs ſome rivulet paſſage did begin.

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this, the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian on the ſtream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

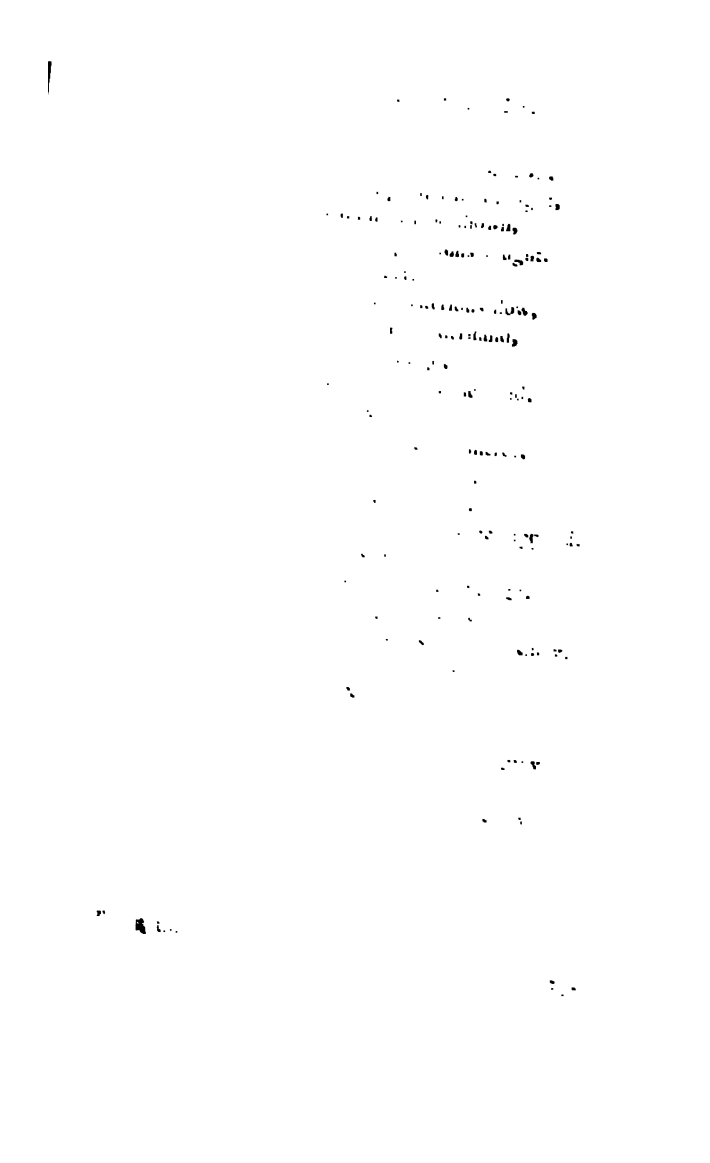
Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhips was navigation then;
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
Than the bold Engliſh none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no ſun.



CLXVII.

But firſt the toils of war we muſt endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the ſeas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty every day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Deſigning, ſubtle, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage war with wiſe delay:
Yet all thoſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor ſtaid the Engliſh long; but well ſupply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' inſulting foe:
The combat now by courage muſt be try'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver nation ſhow.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth ſquadron now come in,
Which in the Straights laſt winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biſcay's working bay had been,
And on the midland ſea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all alone,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whoſe name ſhall live in epic ſong,
While muſic numbers, or while verſe has feet.

CLXXIII. Holmes

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who firſt bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman ſight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muſe by Mars begot,
Born, Cæſar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal ſhot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

CLXXVI.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whoſe deeds ſome nobler poem ſhall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they ſure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were Britiſh born.

CLXXVII.

Of every ſize an hundred fighting ſail:
So vaſt the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd waters fail,
And with its weight it ſhoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd the ſeamen ſhout ſo ſhrill,
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from weſtward waits their ſails to fill,
And reſts in thoſe high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the Engliſh coaſt:
Behind their treacherous ſhallows they withdraw,
And there lay ſnares to catch the Britiſh hoſt.

CLXXX.

So the falſe ſpider, when her nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at laſt ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run:
Or if with caution leiſurely were paſt,
Their numerous groſs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind puſhing them above,
And ſwelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike ſquadrons move,
And with ſpread ſails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It ſeem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune ſtood,
With all his hoſts of waters at command,
Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious flood;
And with his trident ſhov'd them off the ſand.

CLXXXV. To

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like murderers when ghoſts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremoſt ſquadrons meet,
The midmoſt battles haſtening up behind:
Who view far off the ſtorm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes deſcribe the liſts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of every ſize,
The linſtocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous ſeaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldom ſought before:
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ty'd,
And forc'd at leaſt in ſhew to prize it more.

CXC.

But ſharp remembrance on the Engliſh part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe,
Rouze conſcious virtue up in every heart,
And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo.

CXCI. Nor

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet ſuſtain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæſar's bear:
Each ſeveral ſhip a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch maſters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to fly:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praiſe them, all the States ſtood by.

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his Rome deſpair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight;
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII. Or

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a victory, which we disdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny;
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI.

But whate'er English to the blest'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII. So

CCIII.

So cloſe behind ſome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chace, but ſwallow in the frie,
Which through their gaping jaws miſtake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Deſtructive fires among whole fleets we ſend;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ſhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thoſe various ſquadrons variouſly deſign'd,
Each veſſel freighted with a ſeveral load,
Each ſquadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guiney golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gauds the ſimple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For folded turbants fineſt Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And as the prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX. But

CCIX.

But ah! how inſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from heaven, like lightning make no ſtay:
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or grief ſent poſt o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to croſs,
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empreſs of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper heaven provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway;
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on:
His prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV. Such

CCXV.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trades and noiſeful gain,
And luxury more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And firſt few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And ſmouldering as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon, which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

[illegible] them more

[illegible]

[illegible] before.

[illegible]

[illegible] prey,

[illegible]

[illegible] hurrey,

[illegible] threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

[illegible] dismand,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] voice.

CCXXIV.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] wing.

CCXXV.

[illegible]

[illegible] up some [illegible]

[illegible] long it was [illegible]

Whose heavy [illegible]

CCXXVI.

[illegible] next to danger, [illegible]

[illegible]'d, half-naked, [illegible]

[illegible] mothers [illegible]

[illegible] fants left [illegible]

CCXXVII. Their

CCXXVII.

Their cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe;
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play;
And ſome more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the Eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent;
The flames impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader groſs;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length grown ſtrong their mother-fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty ſquadron with a ſide-wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By powerful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did ſhower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt redreſs;
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country, which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage, till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood-ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increaſe their ſtore.

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the general doom;
Where ſouls diſtracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wandering friends:
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none, ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLXIX.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
Or bind thy ſentence unconditional:
But in thy ſentence our remorſe foreſee,
And in that foreſight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'ſt revoke:
But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the ſtroke,
And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Choſe out the cherub with the flaming ſword;
And bad him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd.

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed miniſter his wings diſplay'd,
And like a ſhooting ſtar he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſh'd to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chaſtis'd went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw with watery eyes,
Their founders charity in duſt laid low;
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them ſo.

CCLXXV. Nor

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe:
Though made immortal by a poet's ſong;
And poets ſongs the Theban walls could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire:
But, ſince it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And widely opening did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we ſadly owe the flame,
If only ruin muſt enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire:
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more ſickly roſe,
And farther from the feveriſh north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bleſs'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt:
He ſaw the town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

CCLXXXI. An

CCLXXXI.

An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII. This

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if their ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the fight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long, that town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the laſt,
Or dimly in their ſinking ſockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove, from his dark priſon freed,
Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will glorioufly the new-laid works ſucceed.

CCXCIII. Me-

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mounting brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more auguſt,
Now deify'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And opening into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſat to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen ſhe will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly ſuitors come:
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand like ſuppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilver Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wind, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX. The

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The venturous merchant who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of this northern ſtar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britiſh ocean ſhall ſuch triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe, who now diſdain our trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coaſt.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the leſs dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conſtant trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the ſpicy ſhore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

By Mr DRYDEN, and the Earl of MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In every age the lumpiſh maſs to move:
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides;

In

In other things they juſtly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing ſparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?

Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſauntering Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Ayleſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:

'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.
Firſt, let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.

'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one, whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs:
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it:
For ſenſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The ſinner, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, fop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe:

To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures till they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-aches, claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.

Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worry'd her with railing rhime,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;

Till

Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boaſted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;

For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
That find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;

Wh

Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here;
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe;
Ev'n he, who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propiùs ſtes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: ſome will think it needs no excuſe, and others will receive none. The deſign I am ſure is honeſt: but he who draws his pen for one party, muſt expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are conſequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an aſs to the contrary ſide. There is a treaſury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popiſh; and a pennyworth to be had of ſaintſhip, honeſty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longeſt chapter in Deuteronomy has not curſes enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifeſt prejudice to my cauſe will render their judgment of leſs authority againſt me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a ſweetneſs in good verſe, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleaſes him againſt his will. The commendation of adverſaries *is the* greateſt triumph of a writer, becauſe it never comes

comes unleſs extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy terms: if I happen to pleaſe the more moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt party, and, in all probability, of the beſt judges: for the leaſt concerned are commonly the leaſt corrupt. And I confeſs I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the ſatire, where juſtice would allow it, from carrying too ſharp an edge. They who can criticiſe ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. I have but laughed at ſome men's follies, when I could have declaimed againſt their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their profeſſions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the government. You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as to charge me for not ſubſcribing my name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to ſecure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may poſſibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge againſt himſelf. But more probably it is in your moral, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both ſides will condemn the character of Abſalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge;

indulge; and to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himſelf could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſy, and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill counſels, eſpecially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have reſiſted the two devils, the ſerpent and the woman. The concluſion of the ſtory I purpoſely forbore to proſecute, becauſe I could not obtain from myſelf to ſhew Abſalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waiſt; and if the draught be ſo far true, it is as much as I deſigned.

Were I the inventor, who am only the hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the piece, with the reconcilement of Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory: there ſeems yet to be room left for a compoſure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel; but am content to be accuſed of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this poem, he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The

The true end of ſatire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe; for thoſe are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot diſtempered ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious times ere prieſtcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a ſin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was curſedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of concubine and bride;
Then Iſrael's monarch after heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To wives and ſlaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A ſoil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral mothers bore
To god-like David ſeveral ſons before.
But ſince like ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
No true ſucceſſion could their ſeed attend.

Of

Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, ſo brave, as Abſalom:
Whether inſpir'd by ſome diviner luſt,
His father got him with a greater guſt:
Or that his conſcious deſtiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial ſway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and ſtates ally'd to Iſrael's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone 'twas natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradiſe was open'd in his face.
With ſecret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his ſon renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes which the law forbore,
Were conſtrued youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a ſpecious name,
Was call'd a juſt revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undiſturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heaven puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The Jews, a headſtrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;

God'

God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with eaſe,
No king could govern, nor no God could pleaſe;
Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That godſmiths could produce, or prieſts deviſe:
Theſe Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but ſavages were ſlaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh Iſhboſheth the crown forego;
Who baniſh'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general ſhout proclaim'd him king:
Thoſe very Jews, who at their very beſt
Their humour more than loyalty expreſt,
Now wonder'd why ſo long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a ſtate.
But theſe were random bolts: no form'd deſign,
Nor intereſt made the factious crowd to join:
The ſober part of Iſrael, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly ſcars,
They curſt the memory of civil wars.
The moderate ſort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better ſide;

And

And David's mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebel.
But when to ſin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill deſires:
The good old cauſe reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or falſe are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jeruſalem
Were Jebuſites; the town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the choſen people grew more ſtrong,
The rightful cauſe at length became the wrong;
And every loſs the men of Jebus bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to David's government:
Impoveriſh'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they loſt their land;
And what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like common wood
This ſet the heathen prieſthood in a flame;
For prieſts of all religions are the ſame.
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their godhead be,
Stock, ſtone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his ſervants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewiſh rabbins, though their enemies,
In this concluſe them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' eſpouſe [illegible] by whom they eat and drink.

From hence began that plot, the nation's curſe,
Bad in itſelf, but repreſented worſe;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with lies,
To pleaſe the fools, and puzzle all the wiſe.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebuſites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſavoury deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for worſhip and for food.
By force they could not introduce theſe gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the ſacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſuade.
Their buſy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and ſtews:
Which Hebrew prieſts the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to ſlay
By guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebuſites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common ſenſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous conſequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The ſtanding lake ſoon floats into a flood,

Puniſh a body which he could not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a ſon;
Got, while his ſoul did huddled notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy.
In friendſhip falſe, implacable in hate;
Reſolv'd to ruin, or to rule the ſtate.
To compaſs this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public ſafety ſhook;
And fitted Iſrael for a foreign yoke:
Then, ſeiz'd with fear, yet ſtill affecting fame,
Uſurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So eaſy ſtill it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How ſafe is treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deſerv'd no enemy can grudge;
The ſtateſman we abhor, but praiſe the judge.
In Iſrael's courts ne'er ſat an Abethdin
With more diſcerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unſought, the wretched to redreſs;
Swift of diſpatch, and eaſy of acceſs.
Oh! had he been content to ſerve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankneſs of the ſoil been freed
From cockle, that oppreſs'd the noble ſeed;

David for him his tuneful harp had ſtrung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal ſong.
But wild ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful fame, and lazy happineſs,
Diſdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to ſhake the tree.
Now, manifeſt of crimes contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cauſe
Againſt the crown, and ſculk'd behind the laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the plot he takes;
Some circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emiſſaries fills the ears
Of liſtening crowds with jealouſies and fears
Of arbitrary counſels brought to light,
And proves the king himſelf a Jebuſite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with people eaſy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their ſcribes record,
By natural inſtinct they change their lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as warlike Abſalom.
Not that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the crowd:

That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with ſtudied arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his venom in ſuch words as theſe.
  Auſpicious prince, at whoſe nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the ſouthern ſky;
Thy longing country's darling and deſire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their ſecond Moſes, whoſe extended wand
Divides the ſeas, and ſhews the promis'd land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's viſion, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confeſs,
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift unbeſpoken pomps thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering babes are taught to liſp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praiſe;
Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale, and tarniſh with our daily ſight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit muſt be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
For human good depends on human will,

Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent:
But if unſeiz'd ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before you as ſhe flies.
Had thus old David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might ſtill remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of declining age:
Behold him ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
The ſhadows lengthening as the vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's ſand
The joyful people throng'd to ſee him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public ſcorn:
Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt return:
Thoſe heaps of people which one ſheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of wind.
What ſtrength can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of friends and round beſet with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
A foreign aid would more incenſe the Jews:
Proud Egypt would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
Foment the war, but not ſupport the king:

Nor

Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
Or if they ſhould, their intereſt ſoon would break,
And with ſuch odious aid make David weak.
All ſorts of men by my ſucceſsful arts,
Abhorring kings, eſtrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
Might ſuch a general gain by ſuch a cauſe?
Not barren praiſe alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a ſucceſſive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
When flattery ſooths, and when ambition blinds?
Deſire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet ſprung from high is of celeſtial ſeed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aſpire,
'Tis but a ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,

He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unqueſtion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curſe with ſuch a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a ſervile train.
If David's rule Jeruſalem diſpleaſe,
The dog-ſtar heats their brains to this diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawleſs might
Oppreſs'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebuſite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my ſpirits and reſtrain my hands:
The people might aſſert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wiſhes, and out-runs deſire;

Wh

What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paus'd; then, ſighing, ſaid—
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils ſhall reſt,
And late augment the number of the bleſt,
His lawful iſſue ſhall the throne aſcend,
Or the collateral line, where that ſhall end.
His brother, though oppreſs'd with vulgar ſpite,
Yet dauntleſs, and ſecure of native right,
Of every royal virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the braveſt and the beſt.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For ſure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why ſhould I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large ſoul not all her treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean deſcent!
I find, I find my mounting ſpirits bold,
And David's part diſdains my mother's mould.
Why am I ſcanted by a niggard birth?
My ſoul diſclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whiſpers me within,
Deſire of greatneſs is a god-like ſin.

Him ſtaggering ſo, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue ſcarce maintain'd her ground,

He

He pours freſh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reſerv'd to bleſs your reign!
Againſt your will your arguments have ſhown,
Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than ſubjects ought to have:
For laviſh grants ſuppoſe a monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his wit proclaim.
But when ſhould people ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty ſanhedrim ſhall keep him poor;
And every ſhekel, which he can receive,
Shall coſt a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive war;
Which when his treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the remains of kingſhip, buy
His faithful friends, our jealouſies and fears
Call Jebuſites, and Pharaoh's penſioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to public ſcorn.
The next ſucceſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the ſtate;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.

His

His right, for ſums of neceſſary gold,
Shall firſt be pawn'd, and afterwards be ſold;
Till time ſhall ever-wanting David draw,
To paſs your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right ſupreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in truſt,
Which, when reſum'd, can be no longer juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they choſe,
God was their king, and God they durſt depoſe.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that univerſal call,
To which ev'n heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their poſterity.
Or let his kindneſs by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aſide.
God ſaid, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the ſhepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a flock as Iſrael.
Would David have you thought his darling ſon,
What means he then to alienate the crown?

The

The name of godly he may bluſh to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives ſupreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or ſome dull Hebrew ballad in your praiſe.
Then the next heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin diſguiſes of your arts,
And marks your progreſs in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty ſoul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains:
And like a lion, ſlumbering in the way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes within his diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt, his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground;
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your caſe no tame expedients will afford:
Reſolve on death, or conqueſt by the ſword,
Which for no leſs a ſtake than life you draw;
And ſelf-defence is nature's eldeſt law.
Leave the warm people no conſidering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſacred life each minute would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends, and ſecret foes.
And who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.
He ſaid; and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puft with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſt all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites:
Whoſe differing parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.

The

The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts.
By theſe the ſprings of property were beat,
And wound ſo high, they crack'd the government.
The next for intereſt ſought to embroil the ſtate,
To ſell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewiſh markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to ſerve their own.
Others thought kings an uſeleſs heavy load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt David by,
On principles of pure good huſbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treaſon bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's ſword,
But lofty to a lawful prince reſtor'd;
Saw with diſdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by Jebuſites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Purſued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where ſanhedrim and prieſt enſlav'd the nation,
And juſtify'd their ſpoils by inſpiration:

For

For who ſo fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
Theſe led the pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt-mouth'd againſt the government.
A numerous hoſt of dreaming ſaints ſucceed,
Of the true old enthuſiaſtic breed:
'Gainſt form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much,
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers God and property;
And by the ſame blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebuſite did hate:
Born to be ſav'd ev'n in their own deſpite,
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chemiſt, fidler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!

Rail-

Railing and praiſing were his uſual themes;
And both, to ſhew his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In ſquandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but deſert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom ſtill he found too late;
He had his jeſt, and they had his eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from court; then ſought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For ſpite of him the weight of buſineſs fell
On Abſalom, and wiſe Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of lords, below the dignity of verſe.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind huſbands, and mere nobles, all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of dulneſs, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porrige for the paſchal lamb.
Let friendſhip's holy band ſome names aſſure;
Some their own worth, and ſome let ſcorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the raſcal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could ſtatutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treaſon law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curſe;

Shimei,

Shimei, whoſe youth did early promiſe bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king;
Did wiſely from expenſive ſins refrain,
And never broke the ſabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curſe unleſs againſt the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Againſt his maſter, choſe him magiſtrate.
His hand a vaſe of juſtice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treaſon was no crime;
The ſons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himſelf.
When two or three were gathered to declaim
Againſt the monarch of Jeruſalem,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curſe than break good company.
If any durſt his factious friends accuſe,
He pack'd a jury of diſſenting Jews;
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly cauſe
Would free the ſuffering ſaint from human laws.
For laws are only made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leiſure time he had from power,
Becauſe 'tis ſin to miſemploy an hour:

His buſineſs was, by writing to perſuade,
That kings were uſeleſs and a clog to trade:
And that his noble ſtyle he might refine,
No Rechabite more ſhun'd the fumes of wine.
Chaſte were his cellars, and his ſhrieval board
The groſsneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd:
His cooks with long diſuſe their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, ſuch magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?

Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermillion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke:
Some things like viſionary flight appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.

But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For Witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More flow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!

Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh, the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train:
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.

Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy weſtern friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other ends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhew a plot is made;
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:

And

And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſcepter could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall?
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few?
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny.
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And ſhare the madneſs of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,

But government itſelf at length muſt fall
To nature's ſtate, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other errors but diſturb a ſtate;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, caſt the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who baſe ends purſue;
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is ſubject to this curſe,
To phyſic their diſeaſe into a worſe.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch muſt be the people's foes.
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praiſe.

In this ſhort file Barzillai firſt appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long ſince, the riſing rebels he withſtood
In regions waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the ſtate;
But ſinking underneath his maſter's fate:

In

In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
Which well the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muſe.
His bed could once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a father's name is loſt.
His eldeſt hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, ſo heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
Swift was the race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
By ſea, by land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtop'd.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
But Iſrael was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy diſincumber'd ſoul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry pole:

From

From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight:
No pinions can purſue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom, ſhunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge a cauſe.
Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in ſanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.

Jotham

Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only try'd
The worſe a-while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs;
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſovereign power is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The ſanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;

While

While he withdrawn at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
Theſe were the chief, a ſmall but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd ſuch powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In ſanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe ills they ſaw, and, as their duty bound,
They ſhew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no conceſſions from the throne would pleaſe,
But lenitives fomented the diſeaſe:
That Abſalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That falſe Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and ſtate:
The council violent, the rabble worſe:
That Shimei taught Jeruſalem to curſe.
With all theſe loads of injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his careful breaſt
Th' event of things, at laſt his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inſpir'd,
The god-like David ſpoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their maſter hear.
Thus long have I, by native mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembled, my revenge delay'd:

So

So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king aſſuage.
But now ſo far my clemency they ſlight,
Th' offenders queſtion my forgiving right,
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderneſs of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force.
Thoſe heap'd affronts that haughty ſubjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the ſtate,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samſon will pretend a call
To ſhake the column, let him ſhare the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling ſon!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his ſoul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whoſe modern ſenſe
Is one that would by law ſupplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Abſalom's than David's cauſe?

His

His old inſtructor ere he loſt his place,
Was never thought indued with ſo much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's ſaint.
Would they impoſe an heir upon the throne,
Let ſanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at leaſt a part of government:
And mine as requiſite as their conſent:
Without my leave a future king to chuſe,
Infers a right the preſent to depoſe.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Eſau's hands ſuit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious ſubjects for my ſafety pray;
Which to ſecure, they take my power away.
From plots and treaſons heaven preſerve my years,
But ſave me moſt from my petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the ſmall remains of royalty?
The law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful ſway,
And the ſame law teach rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more eſtabliſh'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundleſs clamours ſhall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to puniſh ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care expreſs,
Still to defend their ſervants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my power to ſaving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, againſt my mind,
To make examples of another kind?

M

Muſt I at length the ſword of juſtice draw?
Oh curſt effects of neceſſary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy ſcan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then ſhew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire artificers of death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And ſuck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes ſhall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their firſt onſet, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unreſiſted courſe:
Retire, and traverſe, and delude their force:
But when they ſtand all breathleſs, urge the fight,
And riſe upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is ſtill ſuperior found;
When long driven back, at length it ſtands the ground.
He ſaid: Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Henceforth a ſeries of new time began,
The mighty years in long proceſſion ran:
Once more the god-like David was reſtor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

" — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
" Captus amore leget —"

TO THE READER.

IN the year 1680 Mr Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon the deſire of king Charles the ſecond.. The performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a ſecond part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

" Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

and ending with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

containing near two hundred verſes, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ſome touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed compleat.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beaſts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and prieſthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
That madly their own happineſs oppoſe;
There heaven itſelf, and god-like kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their ſovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jeruſalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph ſees his crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the times;
And Abſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of flattering charms no longer ſtands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our tribes outſtrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His ſwifteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?

Sway'd by a monarch, whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land.
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they 'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen their ſacrificers bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe,
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe,
And projects void of grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angels care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.

Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below.
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's plenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue,
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba ſlew,
Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more, art, ſcience, uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.
Mean while a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with what tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in groſs,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loſs:

The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Not quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense impos'd-on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear:
Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
But for the good old cause that did excite
Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and spight.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,

Ev'n Abſalom amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſt.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal power how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtrife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous crowds, myſelf be made

If a murtherer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise,
My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
And are we still with conscience to contend?
Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Whose patience is th' effect of stinted power,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger 's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,

What

What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn, that firſt advis'd the ill!
Illuſtrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Miſconſtrue not the words that mean you well.
The courſe you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it unpurſued.
A monarch's crown with fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
Did you for this expoſe yourſelf to ſhow,
And to the crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious progreſs next ordain,
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train.
With fame before you like the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſaluting from afar?
Oh from the heights you 've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And muſt I here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
Your ſingle intereſt with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the ſcale where your deſires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a courſe ſo dangerous mov'd
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.
I not diſpute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
The privilege that ſtateſmen ever claim;

Who private intereſt never yet purſued,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er ſcap'd his fate,
Who ſaving his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
What from a ſway did David e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
That kept diſſenting factious Jews in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
Ev'n property, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch violence before,
As when your counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Iſrael fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counſels fatal progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Iſrael, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their ſcorn, their common terror made.
Ev'n yet of ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme.
For power unlimited could reaſons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjuſt,
The laws made king, the king a ſlave in truſt:

Whom

Whom with ſtate-craft, to intereſt only true,
You now accuſe of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let intereſt be the ſtar by which you ſteer,
Hence to repoſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe intereſt moſt in your advancement lies.
A tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When friendſhip, nature, and religion, fail;
On our's the ſafety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir, or ſtarve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perſiſting elſe his ſenates to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t' oppoſe his arms;
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our deſign.

At

At leaſt ſuch ſubtle covenants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence:
Ev'n on their courts of juſtice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.
He ſaid, and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends.
Whoſe heads, though ne'er ſo differing in their creed,
I'th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpight;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.

Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in 's bed
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.
" Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.
Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels penſion-purſe;
Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects.
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.

What

What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you!
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;
Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to traveling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would ſaucily impoſe,
'Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtiz'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politicks to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
— But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let hell produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd,
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd

To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Marry'd at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To let his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock;
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs?
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.

Muſt

Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a ſect.
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking aſſes milk and writing,
If Balack ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated,
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephiboſheth the wiſard's ſon:
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd through thick and thin,
Through ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:

He

He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well,
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome thinking to ill-nature:
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verſe is all his trade.
For almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon,
This animal 's below committing treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verſe with him is to tranſproſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:

Let

The midwife laid her hand on his thick ſkull,
With this prophetic bleſſing—Be thou dull;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting make, like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arſenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding pen and ink,
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis counſel given in vain,
For treaſon botcht in rhyme will be thy bane,
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why ſhould thy metre good king David blaſt?
A pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horſe.
A double nooſe thou on thy neck doſt pull
For writing treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonſenſe is the devil:
Hadſt thou the glories of thy king expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been ſatyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſy verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?

But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abſalom!
And for my foes may this their bleſſing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for purſe and counſel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number ſought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Theſe thought the places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſh'd court and king to fall:
Whoſe names the Muſe diſdaining, holds i'th'dark,
Thruſt in the villain herd without a mark;
With paraſites and libel-ſpawning imps,
Intriguing ſops, dull jeſters, and worſe pimps.
Diſdain the raſcal rabble to purſue,
Their ſet cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoak they ſit;
Some for our mirth, ſome for our ſatyr fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful, and on miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good fellowſhip frequent
Th' appointed club, can let ſedition paſs,
Senſe, nonſenſe, any thing t' employ the glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt hearts,
The reſt talk treaſon but to ſhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for miſchief yet,
eas'd to be reputed of a ſet.
in the ſacred annals of our plot,
...ſhou Arod never be forgot:

The labours of this midnight-magiſtrate,
May vie with Corah's to preſerve the ſtate.
In ſearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moſt powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And laſt, to take from Jebuſites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ſtole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treaſure he ſurpriz'd,
'Tis Baaliſh gold in David's coin diſguis'd.
Which to his houſe with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wiſe rabble ne'er took pains t'enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo 't made a rouſing fire.
With which our elder was enricht no more
Than falſe Gehazi with the Syrian's ſtore;
So poor, that when our chuſing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ſtinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The ſaints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every ſhift and ſubtle method paſt,
And all to be no Zaken at the laſt.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's ſad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battering ſtorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the ſky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling ſwain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, theſe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his ſtock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:

Ev'n ſo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldſt the captive lands reſtore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preſt,
From Egypt need'ſt a guardian with the reſt.
Thy prince from ſanhedrims no truſt allow'd,
Too much the repreſenters of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no ſupply,
But what the crown's prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the ſtate!
From preſent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would ſentence, and ere crown depoſe.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith ſhall be!
By ſanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!
Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extreameſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfal they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,

At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extreameſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amaz'd,
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear—
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!

Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aking conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend;
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him,
Wiſe, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's intereſt and the ſtate,
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade!
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.

Since

Since nothing can our ſacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field?
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous ſanhedrims would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands ſo deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progreſs take,
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Judah's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own;

His clear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as our ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo numerouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make;
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king;
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin, thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reaſoning prophets preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding ſcars,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortal foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers blood the field;
When ſons curſt ſteel the fathers gore did ſtain,
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand,
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whoſe few ſurvivors with worſe fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:

Which

Which ſcene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear, purſue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domeſtic broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with nations ſpoils.
Yet our fierce ſanhedrim in reſtleſs rage,
Againſt our abſent hero ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, ſuch did their frenzy prove,
The only ſuit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they ceaſe affairs of ſtate,
And real dangers wave for groundleſs hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging billows ſtill increaſe.
The crowd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt rebels.
At laſt his deep reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' imperial palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke,
Then Juſtice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our ſovereign right, heaven's ſacred truſt, decays!
For whoſe ſupport ev'n ſubjects intereſt calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the leaſt of regal ſway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law ſubſiſts by power;
Diſarm the ſhepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a ſtubborn race,
Which heaven itſelf in vain has try'd with grace!

When

When will our reaſon's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Iſrael judge between her friends and foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n ſanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Thoſe patriots falſhood in their actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our ſenates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe miſchiefs which they ſeem'd to dread;
But firſt ere yet they propt the ſinking ſtate,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſt,
But barbarouſly deſtroy'd the nation's reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd ſenates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injuſtice we are preſs'd to ſhare,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we ſhould confirm the wrongs they preſs,
His ſufferings yet were than the people's leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murdering ſword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppreſſion which they fear make way;
Succeſſion fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the flood of war;

Waſte,

Waſte, rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with ſkill,
And ſave the lunatics againſt their will.
The ſame rough means that ſwage the crowd, appeaſe
Our ſenates raging with the crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd meaſures let them draw
From no falſe gloſs, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge thoſe crimes upon religion's ſcore,
Themſelves ſo much in Jebuſites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, ſhall bleed,
Nor phariſees by phariſees be freed.
Impartial juſtice from our throne ſhall ſhower,
All ſhall have right, and we our ſovereign power.
He ſaid, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad preſages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the ſuffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil diſcord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judea ſpread,
And ſtopp'd ſedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Iſrael, Iſrael's peace contrives.
The field confeſs'd his power in arms before,
And ſeas proclaim'd his triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his ſway in Hebron ſhown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.

Through

Through Sion's ſtreets his glad arrival 's ſpread,
And conſcious faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His train their ſufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The crowd's applauſe with virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but zeal for worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To ſerve the crown, and loyal by deſcent,
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two royal maſters truſt;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withſtood
On ſeas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes and the Muſes' pride,
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteady ſoul when public ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the Moor fierce onſets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Sich were the chiefs who moſt his ſufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent joy the prince return'd;
While thoſe that ſought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their nauſeous falſe reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.

While real tranſports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their diſſembled joy,
His triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſs'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters clamourous train
Some ſlumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,

Wh

Who oft had forc'd the bold aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his purſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the deſart round,
With roar of ſeas directs his chaſers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in Abſalom's fierce breaſt,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confeſt;
Where now was the inſtructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his ſtate,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt,
Of various reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the crowd's unſtable zeal decay,
Leſt their recanting chief the cauſe betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune ſlip her time,
The ſtateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold crime
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the people's truſt.

But

But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as paſt his date,
And try ſome new pretender's luckier fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he would purſue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Abſalom, approaching ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of deſperate villains made?
Loſt power and conſcious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little leſs than fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from every grievance free,
Forſake thy vineyards for their ſtormy ſea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dreſs'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vaſſals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh ſhould our crimes again that curſe draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Abſalom,
Alike by conqueſt or defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince ſo form'd with earth's and heaven's applauſe,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cauſe:
Or grant him victor, ſtill his hopes muſt fail,
Who conquering would not for himſelf prevail;
The faction whom he truſts for future ſway,
Him and the public would alike betray;

Amongſt

Amongſt themſelves divide the captive ſtate,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with ſcepters in his ſight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Muſt, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's ſway,
Whom but mild David would they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itſelf deſign;
From hate to that their reformations ſpring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Leſt this clear truth ſtrike Abſalom's charm'd eyes,
Leſt he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beſide the flatter'd youth muſt ſee.
But whate'er doubts his troubled boſom ſwell,
Fair carriage ſtill became Achitophel.
Who now an envious feſtival enſtals,
And to ſurvey their ſtrength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does ſedition build?
For lo! the royal mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their treaſon, zeal, and mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had ſeiz'd, engender'd by ſome careleſs ſwain;
Or ſwelling Neptune lawleſs inroads made,
And to their cell of ſtore his flood convey'd;

The

The commonwealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild haſte their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd gueſts confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roaſt, all juſtling in the ſtreet;
Dejecting all, and ruefully diſmay'd,
For ſhekel without treat or treaſon paid.

Sedition's dark eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to diſperſe,
In kind conjunction of aſſiſting ſtars.
Here, labouring Muſe, thoſe glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful ſcale of David's fate;
The reſt of that illuſtrious band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Aſaph's verſe:
Hard taſk! yet will not I thy flight recal,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

Firſt write Bezaliel, whoſe illuſtrious name
Foreſtalls our praiſe, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; ſerene his life and thought;
On whom ſo largely nature heap'd her ſtore,
There ſcarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and ſtate his greateſt zeal,
His ſecond care that ſervice to conceal;
Of dues obſervant, firm to every truſt,
And to the needy always more than juſt.

Who truth from ſpecious falſhood can divide,
Has all the gownſmens ſkill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his ſon,
Whoſe forward fame ſhould every Muſe engage;
Whoſe youth boaſts ſkill deny'd to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the conqueſt of his mind.
Whoſe loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rolling time:
The monſter faction early he diſmay'd,
And David's cauſe long ſince confeſs'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's ſchool was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while ſtars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood reſtor'd the crown.
That praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown reſtor'd; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed, illuſtrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreſeize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure the dew ſhall Gilboah's hills forſake,
And Jordan mix his ſtream with Sodom's lake;
Or ſeas retir'd their ſecret ſtores diſcloſe,
And to the ſun their ſcaly brood expoſe,
Or ſwell'd above the clifts their billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their patron's praiſe.

Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal houshold for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature dress,
And blest again to see his flower ally'd
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What arts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;

Who

Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Iſrael's ſanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundleſs ocean ſeem,
Were coaſted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin ſpeaks like him their myſtic ſenſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch charms of eloquence:
To whom the double bleſſing does belong,
With Moſes' inſpiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have ſhown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cauſe ſtill combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious prieſts the cant revive;
In vain ſeditious ſcribes with libel ſtrive
T' enflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their treaſons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So Moſes, when the peſt on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his ſignal, and the plague was ſtay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muſe, thy pinions try,
And ſtrength's exhauſted ſtore let love ſupply.
What tribute, Aſaph, ſhall we render thee?
We 'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flaſh can blaſt;
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

With wonder late poſterity ſhall dwell
On Abſalom and falſe Achitophel:

Thy ſtrains ſhall be our ſlumbering prophets dream,
And when our Sion virgins ſing their theme;
Our jubilees ſhall with thy verſe be grac'd,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

How fierce his ſatyr loos'd; reſtrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures ſtil'd;
Juſt to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt reproof, or praiſe as due;
Not Eden could a fairer proſpect yield,
All paradiſe without one barren field:
Whoſe wit the cenſure of his foes has paſt,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

What praiſe for ſuch rich ſtrains ſhall we allow?
What juſt rewards the grateful crown beſtow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While ſtars and fountains to their courſe are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock ſtand faſt,
The ſong of Aſaph and the fame ſhall laſt.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy ſoil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with winds nor wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his ſufferings' bright companion back.
But ere ſuch tranſport can our ſenſe employ,
A bitter grief muſt poiſon half our joy;
Nor can our coaſts reſtor'd thoſe bleſſings ſee
Without a bribe to envious deſtiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!

Give

Give not inſulting Aſkalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No ſailor with the news ſwell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock diſſolves for a ſupply.
Calm were the elements, night's ſilence deep,
The waves ſcarce murmuring, and the winds aſleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treacherous ſands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy ſeiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's ſcandal, and the ſtars diſgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchſaf'd to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs ſhelves, a lifted field:
A lifted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppoſe,
Each life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But deſtiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud laſt breaths their maſter's ſcape applaud,
Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your ſufferings paſt ſo nearly preſt,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſt in ſtorms.

Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,
Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.
What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
Or ſtraggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.
This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair;

Yet

Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo pevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice ſound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY to ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given, thro' this poem, to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
Abſalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shafteſbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea, and Lord-Chancellor.
Annabel,	—	Ducheſs of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Aſaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the ſecond Part of this Poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak,	—	Barnet.
Barzillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathſheba,	—	Ducheſs of Portſmouth.

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[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]	—	The Earl of Exeter, more particularly Burleigh, where King Charles II. long resided.
[illegible]	—	[illegible]
[illegible]		The Church of England Clergy.
[illegible]	—	[illegible]
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Michal,	—	Queen Catharine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Eſcriek.
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.
Pharaoh,	—	King of France.
Rabſheka,	—	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jeruſalem,		Dr. Compton, Biſhop of London.
Sanhedrim,	—	Parliament.
Saul,	—	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei,	—	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva,	—	Sir Roger Leſtrange.
Solymean Rout,		London Rebels.
Tyre,	—	Holland.
Uzza,	—	Jack Hall.
Zadoc,	—	Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Zaken,	—	A Member of the Houſe of Commons.
Zimri,	—	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah,	—	Sir John Moor.

THE

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with ſo much juſtice as to you? It is the repreſentation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landſcape of your Tower, nor the riſing ſun; nor the Anno Domini of your new ſovereign's coronation. This muſt needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worſhip the image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: but muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great artiſt; but ſign-poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he ſat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have conſulted hiſtory; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they

they have not ſeen the man, they can help their imagination by a ſtatue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have ſpared one ſide of your Medal: the head would be ſeen to more advantage if it were placed on a ſpike of the Tower, a little nearer to the ſun; which would then break out to better purpoſe.

You tell us in your preface to the No-proteſtant Plot, that you ſhall be forced hereafter to leave off your modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practiſed ſuch a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an eſtabliſhed government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preſerve you againſt monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the king. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a faction. But I would aſk you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any aſſociation of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be conſidered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Iſrael? Or how is it conſiſtent with your zeal for the pub-

public welfare, to promote ſedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the king according to the laws, allow you the licenſe of traducing the executive power with which you own he is inveſted? You complain that his majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him loſe them. All good ſubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the king's diſpoſition or his practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our poſterity. You are not the truſtees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his majeſty, when it is apparent that your ſeditious pamphlets are ſtuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is eaſy to be evinced from a thouſand paſſages, which I only forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have peruſed many of your papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the third part of your No-proteſtant Plot is much of it ſtolen from your dead author's pamphlet,

let, called the Growth of Popery; as manifeſtly as Milton's Defence of the Engliſh People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos: or your firſt Covenant and new Aſſociation from the holy league of the French Guiſards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for reformation and loyalty, the ſame aſperſions of the king, and the ſame grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis duke of Guiſe, by the inſtigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot miniſter, otherwiſe called a Preſbyterian, for our church abhors ſo deviliſh a tenet, who firſt writ a treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murdering kings of a different perſuaſion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they ſet the people above the magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the houſe of commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it as if it were paſſed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be obliged by it. The paſſage is in the ſame third part of the No-proteſtant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtify nor condemn; but as the papiſts, when they are unoppoſed, fly out into all the pageantries of worſhip; but in times of war,

when they are hard preſſed by arguments, lie cloſe intrenched behind the Council of Trent: ſo now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and juſtified to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the ſword: it is the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this aſſociation, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the conſent or knowledge of the king, againſt whoſe authority it is manifeſtly deſigned. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt evaſion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and ſhuffled into the papers that were ſeized; which yet you ſee the nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this poem, you would employ the ſame pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt Abſalom and Achitophel: for then you may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a cuſtom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which

is

is wholly to wave the anſwer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they ſhould be treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of government; for if ſcandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn ſubjects. If God has not bleſſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of my poor ſtock and welcome: let your verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own ſatyr, make me ſatyrize myſelf. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the reſt, commend me to the non-conformiſt parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the piece deſerves, becauſe the bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſhed as well as printed; and that ſo much ſkill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waſte-paper in the ſhop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome Engliſh bibles. If Achitophel ſignify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will paſs with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the verſes are, buy them up, I beſeech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is ſhut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of ſervice.

Now footmen you know have the generoſity to make a purſe for a member of their ſociety, who has had his livery

livery pulled over his ears: and even proteſtant ſocks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A diſſenter in poetry from ſenſe and Engliſh will make as good a proteſtant rhymer, as a diſſenter from the church of England a proteſtant parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little above the vulgar epithets of propiane, and ſawcy Jack, and atheiſtic ſcribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expreſſions I was certain of his ſect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cauſe from Geneſis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Teſtaments againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to yourſelves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Iriſh witneſſes. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cauſe, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his predeceſſors, you may either conclude that I truſt to the goodneſs of my cauſe, or fear my adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe; for the ſhort of it is, it is indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your party ſays or thinks of him.

THE

THE MEDAL.

OF all our antic ſights and pageantry,
Which Engliſh ideots run in crowds to ſee,
The Poliſh Medal bears the prize alone:
A monſter, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have ſhown.
Never did art ſo well with nature ſtrive;
Nor ever idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:
So like the man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with title and with face;
And, leſt the king ſhould want a regal place,
On the reverſe, a tower the town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting ſun his beams diſplays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by ſhrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in Poliſh, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
And a new canting holiday deſign'd.
Five days he ſat, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh Adam took.
But who can tell what eſſence angels are,
Or how long heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the ſtile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will;
The various piece had tir'd the graver's ſkill!
A martial hero firſt, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.

A beardleſs chief, a rebel, ere a man:
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition ſteer!
A vermin wriggling in th' uſurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for ſums of gold,
He caſt himſelf into the ſaint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd, and pray'd, while godlineſs was gain,
The lowdeſt bagpipe of the ſqueaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdneſs he could ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the ſaint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no ſins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to ſcandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs cheat betrays his partner's game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave, and ſlack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet ſtill he found his fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his ſoul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.

Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneaſy in his lawful gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he could,
And like white witches miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;
Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence thoſe tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail ſo far
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native ſtrength betray'd.
So Samſon to his foe his force confeſt;
And to be ſhorn, lay ſlumbering on her breaſt.
But when this fatal counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his juſt ſovereign, by no impious way
Could be ſeduc'd to arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope he ſhifts his ſail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And ſhews the fiend confeſs'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims ſucceſſive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of courſe;

Maintains the multitude can never err;
And ſets the people in the papal chair.
The reaſon 's obvious; intereſt never lies;
The moſt have ſtill their intereſt in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wiſe.
Almighty crowd, thou ſhorteneſt all diſpute,
Power is thy eſſence; wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way!
Athens no doubt did righteouſly decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent;
Still they were wiſe whatever way they went,
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father, and recal the ſon.
Some think the fools were moſt as times went then,
But now the world 's o'erſtock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is ev'n religion's teſt,
The Turk's is at Conſtantinople beſt;
Idols in India; popery at Rome;
And our own worſhip only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plauſible, and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:

And that a lawful power might never ceaſe,
Secur'd ſucceſſion to ſecure our peace.
Thus property and ſovereign ſway at laſt
In equal balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new Jehu ſpurs the hot-mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the beaſt to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong ſteep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping brave,
The free-born ſubject ſunk into a ſlave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundleſs in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we muſt believe;
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help, heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of laws which they diſpenſe.
No juſtice to their righteous cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conqueſt to record,
The ſtamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again to ſee a jury chew
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witneſſes, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on their feſter'd ſore,
Then juſtice and religion they forſwore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
And rogue and ſaint diſtinguiſh'd by their ſide.
They rack ev'n ſcripture to confeſs their cauſe,
And plead a call to preach in ſpite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is conſtrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking-trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever ſenſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd at firſt our oracle t' enquire;
But ſince our ſects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inſpires not them, but they the text inſpire.

London, thou great emporium of our iſle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe thy defert?
Or ſeparate thy ſound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the ſlime thou leav'ſt behind.

Se-

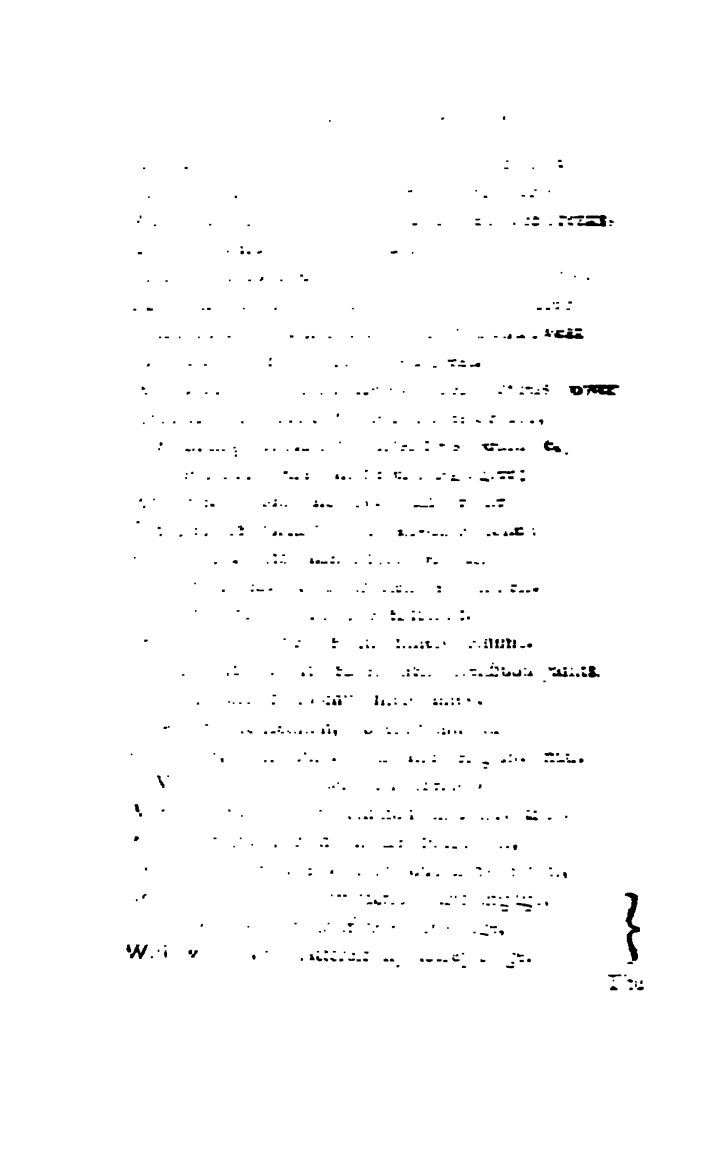
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Iſrael's tribe thou haſt a numerous band,
But ſtill the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what 's a head with two ſuch gouty hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wiſdom is to ſloth too great a ſlave;
None are ſo buſy as the fool and knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In goſpel-phraſe their chapmen they betray;
Their ſhops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the ſpoil;
They boaſt ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring ſect;
They cheat the country firſt, and then infect.
They for God's cauſe their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be ſure to make his cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our ſacrilegious ſects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means their traiterous combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The men who no conſpiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt, their prince.
If ſovereign right by ſovereign power they ſcan,
The ſame bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not ſafe, his thunder could they ſhun;
He ſhould be forc'd to crown another ſon.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich poſſeſſion was the murderer's own.
In vain to ſophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmaſk'd rebellion, and audacious force:
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may ſee
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then cyclop-like in human fleſh to deal,
Chop up a miniſter at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' aſſume the power of peace and war;
And caſe him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to conſult his dignity and fame,
He ſhould have leave to exerciſe the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.

For

For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loſs of time;
On utmoſt bounds of loyalty they ſtand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
That waits impatient for the laſt command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
They ſteal not, but in ſquadrons ſcour the plain:
And if their power the paſſengers ſubdue,
The moſt have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms fooliſhly they ſhow,
For in ſome ſoils republics will not grow:
Our temperate iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of popular ſway or arbitrary reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch bleſt,
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholeſome tempeſt purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmneſs that ſucceeds.
But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked ſoul, and ſerpentine in arts,
Whoſe blandiſhments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds ſhe plighted to her lord;
What curſes on thy blaſted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the woes that muſt deſcend on all.
Religion thou haſt none: thy Mercury
Has paſs'd through every ſect, or theirs through thee.

But



The ſwelling poiſon of the ſeveral ſects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burſt its bag; and fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
The preſbyter puff'd up with ſpiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny ſects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat ſword and clamorous gown ſhall jar,
In ſharing their ill-gotten ſpoils of war:
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit ſhall contend,
The ſurly commons ſhall reſpect deny,
And juſtle peerage out with property.
Their general either ſhall his truſt betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary ſway;
Or they, ſuſpecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings ſhall caſt anew the frame;
And thruſt out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours wearied into reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breaſt.

" —— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
" Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli."

TAR-

But manag'd aukwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treaſon was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
This prieſt, and others learned to defame,
Firſt murder injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly top'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſs'd the heir, to bring the proof.
This helliſh charge they back'd with diſmal frights,
The loſs of property and ſacred rights,
And freedom, words which all falſe patriots uſe,
As ſureſt names the Romans to abuſe.
Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilſt thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the ſtate.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheiſt fools for dear religion fight.
The prieſts their boaſted principles diſown,
And level their harangues againſt the throne.
Vain promiſes the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but deſperate the cure.
'Tis hard for kings to ſteer an equal courſe,
And they who baniſh one, oft gain a worſe.
Thoſe heavenly bodies we admire above,
Do every day irregularly move;

Yet

Yet Tullius, tis decreed, muſt loſe the crown,
For faults, that were his council's, not his own.
He now in vain commands ev'n thoſe he pay'd,
By darling troops deſerted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
Of theſe a captain of the guards was worſt,
Whoſe memory to this day ſtands accurſt.
This rogue, advanc'd to military truſt
By his own whoredom, and his ſiſter's luſt,
Forſook his maſter, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;
The kindeſt maſter to the vileſt ſlave,
As free to give, as he was ſure to crave.
His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toſs wide noſtrils in the air,
Was to the younger Tullia governeſs,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dreſs,
She fled by night from Tullius in diſtreſs.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depoſe;
A father, always generouſly bent,
So kind, that ev'n her wiſhes he'd prevent.
'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When ev'n his daughter haſten'd his defeat;
When faith and duty vaniſh'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whoſe right his foes could ne'er diſpute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and eaſy of acceſs;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppreſs;

Rich

Rich without taxes, yet in payment juſt;
So honeſt, that he hardly could diſtruſt;
His active ſoul from labours ne'er did ceaſe,
Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace;
Studious with traffick to enrich the land;
Strong to protect, and ſkilful to command;
Liberal and ſplendid, yet without exceſs;
Prone to relieve, unwilling to diſtreſs;
In ſum, how godlike muſt his nature be,
Whoſe only fault was too much piety!
This king remov'd, th' aſſembled ſtates thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne ſhould ſit;
Voted him regent in their ſenate-houſe,
And with an empty name endow'd his ſpouſe,
The elder Tullia, who, ſome authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corpſe a rumbling wain:
But ſhe more guilty numerous wains did drive
To cruſh her father and her king alive;
And in remembrance of his haſten'd fall,
Reſolv'd to inſtitute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feaſted on rapine, and enjoy'd her ſin;
With luxury ſhe did weak reaſon force,
Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorſe;
Yet when ſhe drank cold tea in liberal ſups,
The ſobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more mercileſs in will,
And bleſt with natural delight in ill.

From a wiſe guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome.
He ſwore his native honours to diſown,
And did by perjury aſcend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his ſwelling pride repreſt,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty bleſt.
But Tarquin, guided by deſtructive fate,
The country waſted, and embroil'd the ſtate,
Tranſported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to ſave himſelf.
Innumerable woes oppreſs'd the land,
When it ſubmitted to his curs'd command.
So juſt was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or loſſes did excell.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were ſainted, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train.
No native knew their features nor their birth,
They ſeem'd the greaſy offspring of the earth.
The trade was ſunk, the fleet and army ſpent;
Devouring taxes ſwallow'd leſſer rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority;
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold ſelf-creating men did ſtatutes draw,
Skill'd to eſtabliſh villainy by law;
Fanatic drivers, whoſe unjuſt careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.

Yet

Yet authors here except a faithful band,
Which the prevailing faction did withſtand;
And ſome, who bravely ſtood in the defence
Of baffled juſtice and their exil'd prince.
Theſe ſhine to after-times, each ſacred name
Stands ſtill recorded in the rolls of fame.

SUUM CUIQUE.

WHEN lawleſs men their neighbours diſpoſſeſs,
The tenants they extirpate or oppreſs;
And make rude havock in the fruitful ſoil,
Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil.
The ſame proportion does in kingdoms hold,
A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
And will o'er carcaſes and deſerts reign,
Unleſs the land its rightful lord regain.
He gripes the faithleſs owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He ſtarves their forces, and obſtructs their trade;
Vaſt ſums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itſelf he labours to aſſail,
And keeps fit tools to break the ſacred pale.
Of thoſe let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a maſter and a prince;
A man, ſeditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always miſchievouſly bent;
One who from all the bands of duty ſwerves;
No tye can hold but that which he deſerves;

An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always inſincere;
Careleſs exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheiſt loudly owns,
And Providence blaſphemouſly dethrones.
In vain the leering actor ſtrains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noiſe, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he ſays or writes,
Revenge or ſtronger intereſt indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.

Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reaſon, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of ſurpaſſing fame:
No regiſter records his borrow'd name.
Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the moſt he ſhould expect,
Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s ſect.

To him ſucceeds, with looks demurely ſad,
A gloomy ſoul, with revelation mad;
Falſe to his friend, and careleſs of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He ſells the livings which he can't poſſeſs,
And farms that ſine-cure his dioceſe.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren ſee,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitleſs care of royal charity.

Thy

The hoary monkie warns thee to return.
The treason of old age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the city-poor will join sustain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I should admit the booted prelate now
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The scum and outcast of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.
None so unlearn'd did ere at London sit;
This driveler does the sacred chair befit.
I need not brand the spiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side:
Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the stage.
These are the leaders in apostacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majesty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did devise,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king 's a monster, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn;
With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His substance is of clammy snot and phlegm;
Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.
To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.

Dear catamite! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannen robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

RELI-

RELIGIO LAICI:

Or, A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

The PREFACE.

A Poem with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the author to ſay ſomewhat in defence, both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpeculations, which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of ſacred things; but, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confeſſion of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a diſtance. In the next place I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that the helps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; ſo that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down

as lawfully as the ſword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my own charity has cauſed me to commit, that of others may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions in a ſubject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriſed, or at leaſt uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed the neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper before it was publiſhed to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the church and ſtate; and whoſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of the diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance: it is true he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to my ſecond view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanaſius, which he adviſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily

into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons of Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerved for Japhet (of whoſe progeny we are), it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many generations of the ſame offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion. Or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven, and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons, might continue for ſome ages in the whole poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet ſwarmed into colonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others: in proceſs of time their deſcendants loſt by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of nature as the next in

otherwise

otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt, ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred ſcriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may poſſibly be ſaved: in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the preface only, not the creed itſelf, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of ſcripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation.

Every

Every man who is read in church hiſtory, knows that belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the father; and that thus compiled it was ſent abroad among the chriſtian churches, as a kind of teſt, which whoſoever took was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifeſt from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for it's buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well conſidered, takes off the heavy weight of cenſure, which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a man; for if this propoſition, 'whoſoever will be ſaved,' be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted in that diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I ſuppoſe there is the ſame reaſon for it now, in oppoſition to the Socinians, as there was then againſt the Arians; the one being a Hereſy, which ſeems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plauſibility of reaſon it combats our religion, with ſo much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interpoſed her authority for the recom-

recommendation of this creed. Yet to ſuch as are grounded in the true belief, thoſe explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanaſius, might perhaps be ſpared; for what is ſupernatural, will always be a myſtery in ſpight of expoſition; and for my own part, the plain apoſtles creed is moſt ſuitable to my weak underſtanding, as the ſimpleſt diet is the moſt eaſy of digeſtion.

I have dwelt longer on this ſubject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the ſcripture is a rule; that in all things needful to ſalvation it is clear, ſufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpoſe, I have left myſelf no right to interpret obſcure places, ſuch as concern the poſſibility of eternal happineſs to heathens: becauſe whatſoever is obſcure is concluded not neceſſary to be known.

But, by aſſerting the ſcripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myſelf two ſorts of enemies: the papiſts indeed, more directly, becauſe they have kept the ſcripture from us what they could; and have reſerved to themſelves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, becauſe they have aſſumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private ſpirit: and have detorted thoſe texts of ſcripture which are not neceſſary to ſalvation, to the damnable uſes of ſedition, diſturbance and deſtruction of the civil government. To begin with the papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think them the leſs dangerous, at leaſt

leaſt in appearance, to our preſent ſtate; for not only the penal laws are in force againſt them, and their number is contemptible; but alſo their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and conſequently thoſe laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever ſince the Reformation, I ſuppoſe all proteſtants believe; for it is not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their orders, as were outed from their fat poſſeſſions, would endeavour a re-entrance againſt thoſe whom they account heretics. As for the late deſign, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the beſt evidence; and what they diſcover, without wire-drawing their ſenſe, or malicious gloſſes, all men of reaſon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpight of the witneſſes, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I ſuppoſe the fanatics will not allow the private ſpirit in this caſe. Here the infallibility is at leaſt in one part of the government; and our underſtandings as well as our wills are repreſented. But to return to the Roman catholics, how can we be ſecure from the practice of jeſuited papiſts in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as ſome of them would impoſe upon us, but almoſt the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible maſter has a right over kings, not only in ſpirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at leaſt twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Cam-

Campian, and Doleman or Parſons, beſides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this doctrine, that the pope can depoſe and give away the right of any ſovereign prince, "ſi vel paulumde flexeret," if he ſhall never ſo little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from ſubjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "ex hominum "Chriſtianorum dominatu," from exerciſing dominion over chriſtians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conſcience, under no leſs penalty than damnation. If they anſwer me, as a learned prieſt has lately written, that this doctrine of the jeſuits is not "de fide;" and that conſequently they are not obliged by it, they muſt pardon me, if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe; but more ſafely the moſt received and moſt authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vaſſal to the pope, "ra-"tione directi Domini," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witneſſes, that king John was depoſed by the ſame plea, and Philip Auguſtus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king ſubmitted to the church, and the crown was received under the ſordid condition of a vaſſalage.

It

I[illegible] not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-m[illegible]ſts, of which I doubt not there are many, t[illegible] the evidences of their loyalty to the late k[illegible]d to [illegible] innocency in this plot: I will g[illegible] in the firſt, to have been as loyal and [illegible]y deſire; and will be willing to hold t[illegible] as to the ſecond, I mean when it comes to m[illegible], and af[illegible] my betters; for it is a madneſs to [illegible] alone, while the nation continues drunk: b[illegible] laying on their father Creſ. is ſtill running in [illegible], th[illegible] they may be diſpenſed with in their obe[illegible] to an heretic prince, while the neceſſity of the t[illegible] ſhall oblige them to it: for that, as another of th[illegible] us, is only the effect of chriſtian prudence; bu[illegible] once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an[illegible] is no lawful king, and conſequently to riſe againſt [illegible] is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of diſowning [illegible] deteſting thoſe jeſuitic principles; and ſubſcribe to [illegible] doctrines which deny the pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a theſis of the jeſuits maintained, amongſt others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open conſiſtory.

[illegible]ving them therefore in ſo fair a way, if [illegible]leaſe themſelves, of ſatisfying all reaſonable their ſincerity and good meaning to the go-

vern-

vernment, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or ſchiſmatics, of the Engliſh church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our tongue, they have uſed it ſo, as if their buſineſs was not to be ſaved but to be damned by its contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the Engliſh nation, that it had ſtill remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latin of St. Jerome, than that ſeveral texts in it ſhould have been prevaricated to the deſtruction of that government, which put it into ſo ungrateful hands.

How many hereſies the firſt tranſlation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's hiſtory of Henry the Eighth inform you; inſomuch, that for the groſs errors in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſioned, a ſentence paſſed on the firſt edition of the Bible, too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whoſe conſciences would not diſpenſe with popery, were forced, for fear of perſecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinons and imperious diſcipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at firſt, as well knowing how nauſeouſly that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was preſcribed for a rebellious commonwealth,

[illegible] were [illegible] numerous [illegible] encourage- [illegible] ...ousness [illegible] They who [illegible] ...er, or the [illegible] letter writ- [illegible] ...mer, may [illegible] ...like [illegible] ...monitions [illegible] ...ment eccle- [illegible] ...and Latin [illegible] ...practices [illegible] ...without autho- [illegible] ...was the [illegible] ...those [illegible] ...tified [illegible] ...cause. [illegible] ...account, [illegible] ...answered [illegible] ...what they [illegible] ...cause was sunk [illegible] ...hedge in a [illegible] ...ignorance all [illegible] ...church and [illegible] ...the doctoral degree of [illegible] ...even the most faintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this [illegible] and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased

pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile; and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy: and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the preſbytery and the reſt of our ſchiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the chriſtian world.

It is true, the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but to ſhew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their ſaint and patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two ſheriffs of their party, to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech. "There "is in every one of theſe conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe "to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo pe-"rilous conſequence, meaning the preſbyterian diſci-"pline, ſhould cauſe poſterity to feel thoſe evils, which "as yet are more eaſy for us to prevent, than they "would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold, we know too well by ſad experience: the ſeeds were ſown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harveſt ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and becauſe all the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary to our religion, when he ſpeaks truth: and it is the obſervation of Maimbourg, in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, that wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And how indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were papiſts, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the ſcriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the ſectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons; and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible: ſo that the ſcriptures, which are in themſelves the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the worſt party of the papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the pope's authority, have been eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained by the whole body of

nonconformiſts and republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe: if they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the church-diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his tranſlation of the critical hiſtory of the old teſtament, compoſed by the learned father Simon: the verſes therefore are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the

ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I muſt tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic: for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and thoſe three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul, by ſhewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs: but inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be reaſoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high,
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Not light us here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
So pale grows reaſon at religion's ſight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernatural light.

Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul incompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future ſtate;
As raſhly judg'd of providence and fate:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind:
For happineſs was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil:
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep;
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep;
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty ſecret 's found:
God is that ſpring of good; ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by heaven:
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
This general worſhip is to praiſe and pray:
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, ſince the effects of providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſovereign juſtice cannot bear;
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate:
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own ſtrength to heaven would ſoar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy wit theſe god-like notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worſhip takes the ſource:
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.

Elſe

Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found:
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem: no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of natural worſhip, built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe:
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too juſt and ſtrong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong;

Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way:
And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore:
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name:
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt: remorſe for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reaſon now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick, till heaven reveal the cure:
If then heaven's will muſt needs be underſtood,
Which muſt, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhown;
With ſcripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,

With

With chriſtian faith and virtues, we ſhall find
None anſwering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that ſhews us beſt
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals bleſt.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is ſcarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care preſcrib'd for every age;
Firſt, in the ſoul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unſkill'd in arts,
In ſeveral ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conſpire to cheat us with a lye?
Unaſk'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the ſtory true:
The doctrine, miracles; which muſt convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human ſenſe:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cauſe,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the ſtile, majeſtic and divine,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in every line:
Commanding words; whoſe force is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beſide, or did by arms aſcend;
Or ſenſe indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our luſts oppoſe:
Unfed by nature's ſoil, in which it grows;

Croſs

Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay: the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known:
A stile so large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
'Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What 's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, flagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:

If

If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ſtrangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for ſalvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far tranſcending goodneſs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reaſons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beſt,
But more the great apoſtle has expreſt:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inſpir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they ſhall plead;
And by their conſcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moſt righteous doom! becauſe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thoſe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thoſe who follow'd reaſon's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may ſee their Maker's face,
While thouſand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian biſhop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endleſs pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay
This faith, where publiſh'd, was the only way;

Or

Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his chriſtian fury roſe
Damn'd all for heretics who durſt oppoſe.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n theſe crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou haſt read.
Thy matchleſs author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful hours which, of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd;
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the ſifting care
Of rabbins old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make algebra a ſport.
A treaſure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and tranſlations;
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.
A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's laſt hand requir'd:
As much as man could compaſs, uninſpir'd.
Where we may ſee what errors have been made
Both in the copyers and tranſlators trade:

How

How Jewiſh, Popiſh, intereſts have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our author not too much a prieſt:
For faſhion-ſake he ſeems to have recourſe
To pope, and councils, and traditions force:
But he that old traditions could ſubdue,
Could not but find the weakneſs of the new:
If ſcripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but careleſsly preſerv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's aſſiſting care,
And who did neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in groſs errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
With vain traditions ſtopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe:
What ſafety from ſuch bruſhwood-helps as theſe?
If written words from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have oral ſounds endur'd?
Which thus tranſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we conſider intereſt, church, and gain.
O but, ſays one, tradition ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For ſince th' original ſcripture has been loſt,
All copies diſagreeing, maim'd the moſt,

Or

Or chriſtian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition muſt be found.
Such an omniſcient church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth both Teſtaments; caſt in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide ſo ſure,
As can all doubts reſolve, all truth ſecure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Reſtore loſt canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what ſtill remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unleſs like Eſdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence ſtill to interpret true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd
Is in the bleſt original contain'd.
More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the ſcriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me:
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure?
Which every ſect will wreſt a ſeveral way,
For what one ſect interprets, all ſects may:

We

We hold, and ſay we prove from ſcripture plain,
That Chriſt is God; the bold Socinian
From the ſame ſcripture urges he 's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important ſuit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I ſpeak plain. and in a nation free
Aſſume an honeſt layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little ſkill,
To my own mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this queſtion brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Chriſtian, who believes in groſs,
Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the ſtreight-gate would be made ſtreighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt ſtudy well the ſacred page; and ſee
Which doctrine, this or that, does beſt agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine:
And plainlieſt points to heaven's reveal'd deſign:
Which expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe:
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are uſeleſs here:
When general, old, diſintereſted, and clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majeſty of age:
Confirms its force by bideing every teſt;
For beſt authorities next rules, are beſt.

And

And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go
More limpid, more unſoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo known:
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own ſinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice deſcends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the ſacred hiſtory:
Which, from the univerſal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itſelf believ'd.

The partial Papiſts would infer from hence
Their church, in laſt reſort, ſhould judge the ſenſe.
But firſt they would aſſume with wonderous art,
Themſelves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vaſt frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the preſent, claim it for their own?
The book 's a common largeſs to mankind;
Not more for them than every man deſign'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier 's not commiſſion'd to expound.
It ſpeaks itſelf, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In

In times o'ergrown with ruſt and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but prieſts were authoriz'd to know:
When what ſmall knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who could but read and ſpell;
Then mother church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But ſtill expounded what ſhe ſold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and ſave:
Scripture was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took ſalvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the prieſt's they had.
Yet whate'er falſe conveyances they made,
The lawyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew infallible:
At laſt a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inſpire:
And making narrower ſearch they found, though late,
That what they thought the prieſt's, was their eſtate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who ſaw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare:
Conſulted ſoberly his private good;
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a conſequence:

The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd:
The ſpirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found;
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought;
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of heaven's diſcover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame; on ſeveral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem?

Nei-

Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But, ſince men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The ſcripture and the fathers diſagree.
If after all they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb,
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe;
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS tranſlation of monſieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, deſired his reviſal of it. I ſaw the manuſcript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above ſix months, who made very conſiderable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to Engliſh writers, than keep to the French names, as it was firſt tranſlated, Sir William deſired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was firſt publiſhed in the year 1683; Sir William was after ſent ambaſſador to Conſtantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. TONSON.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain preſumptuous crime,
To undertake the ſacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the ſtars that rul'd thy ſenſe
Shone not with a poetic influence;

In thy ſtrait genius thou wilt ſtill be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegaſus unſound.
You then that burn with the deſire to try
The dangerous courſe of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitleſs verſe to loſe your time,
Or take for genius the deſire of rhyme:
Fear the allurements of a ſpecious bait,
And well conſider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verſe deſcribe an amorous flame,
Another ſharpen a ſhort epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenſer ſing Roſalind in paſtoral:
But authors that themſelves too much eſteem,
Loſe their own genius, and miſtake their theme;
Thus in times paſt Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying ſacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Deſcrib'd the Iſraelites triumphant flight,
And following Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
Periſh'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleaſant or ſublime,
Always let ſenſe accompany your rhyme:
Falſely they ſeem each other to oppoſe;
Rhyme muſt be made with reaſon's laws to cloſe:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble courſe;
To reaſon's yoke ſhe quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:

But if neglected will as eaſily ſtray,
And maſter reaſon which ſhe ſhould obey.
Love reaſon then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Moſt writers mounted on a reſty Muſe,
Extravagant and ſenſeleſs objects chuſe;
They think they err, if in their verſe they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this exceſs; and let Italians be
Vain authors of falſe glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at ſenſe; but moſt in vain
Strive the hard paſs and ſlippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you ſtray;
Reaſon to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Purſues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he deſcribes a houſe, he ſhews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a viſta, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balluſtred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The feſtoons, freezes, and the aſtragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And ſkip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of ſuch deſcriptions the vain folly ſee,
And ſhun their barren ſuperfluity.
All that is needleſs carefully avoid;
The mind once ſatisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:

A verſe was weak, you turn it, much too ſtrong,
And grow obſcure for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the praiſe?
In writing, vary your diſcourſe and phraſe;
A frozen ſtyle that neither ebbs nor flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the ſame heavy tone.
Happy who in his verſe can gently ſteer,
From grave to light; from pleaſant to ſevere;
His works will be admir'd where-ever found,
And oft with buyers will be compaſs'd round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meaneſt theme may have a proper ſtyle.

The dull burleſque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in ſpite of ſenſe.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the cant of Billingſgate:
Boundleſs and mad, diſorder'd rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which firſt in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dulleſt ſcribblers ſome admirers found,
And the Mock Tempeſt was a while renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Diſtinguiſh'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.

Let not ſo mean a ſtyle your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burleſque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet nicely bombaſt carefully avoid,
Nor think to raiſe, though on Pharſalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the ſlain:"
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chuſe a juſt ſtyle; be grave without conſtraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the meaſure have a careful ear.
On eaſy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring ſounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt verſe and the moſt labour'd ſenſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verſe, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have ſince been ſhown,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his juſt rules reſtrain'd poetic rage;
Spenſer did next in paſtorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well:
To thicker rules the ſtanza did reſtrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came; who, with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,

Till

Till the ſharp-ſighted critics of the times
In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.
This headſtrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take leſs liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe art,
Juſt weight and meaſure did to verſe impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And ſhew'd for poetry a nobler courſe:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And eaſy words with pleaſing numbers join:
His verſes to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard diſcord to ſoft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To preſent authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his ſteps, ſecure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expreſſions clear.
If in your verſe you drag, and ſenſe delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes aſtray;
And from your vain diſcourſe I turn my mind,
Nor ſearch an author troubleſome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with ſound,
Whoſe fuſtian head with clouds is compaſs'd round,
No reaſon can diſperſe them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or elſe obſcure,
Th' expreſſion follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with eaſe we can expreſs;
Words to the notions flow with readineſs.

Ob-

Obſerve the language well in all you write,
And ſwerve not from it in your loftieſt flight.
The ſmootheſt verſe and the exacteſt ſenſe
Diſpleaſe us, if ill Engliſh give offence:
A barbarous phraſe no reader can approve;
Nor bombaſt, noiſe, or affectation love.
In ſhort, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haſte;
And value not yourſelf for writing faſt.
A rapid poem, with ſuch fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to ſee a river lead
His gentle ſtreams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy ſhore.
Gently make haſte, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times conſider what you 've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every colour lay,
And ſometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your ſubject cloſe in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding ſentence ever ſtray.
The public cenſure for your writings fear,
And to yourſelf be critic moſt ſevere.

Fan-

Fantaſtic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will approve,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer deſcry,
Who ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
Embrace true counſel, but ſuſpect falſe praiſe.
A ſycophant will every thing admire:
Each verſe, each ſentence, ſets his ſoul on fire:
All is divine! there's not a word amiſs!
He ſhakes with joy, and weeps with tenderneſs,
He overpowers you with his mighty praiſe.
Truth never moves in thoſe impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedleſs errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verſe to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too-affected ſound;
Here the ſenſe flags, and your expreſſion's round,
Your fancy tires, and your diſcourſe grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them juſt and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom uſe;
But authors, partial to their darling Muſe,
Think to protect it they have juſt pretence,
And at your friendly counſel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expreſſion's flat?
Your ſervant, ſir, you muſt excuſe me that,
He anſwers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, ſir,'s the propereſt place.

This

This turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
Thus, reſolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a ſyllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a ſure reaſon not to blot it out.
Yet ſtill he ſays you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is abſolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muſe,
Reſtleſs he runs ſome other to abuſe,
And often finds; for in our ſcribbling times
No fool can want a ſot to praiſe his rhymes:
The flatteſt work has ever in the court
Met with ſome zealous aſs for its ſupport:
And in all times a forward ſcribbling fop
Has found ſome greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

AS a fair nymph, when riſing from her bed,
With ſparkling diamonds dreſſes not her head,
But, without gold, or pearl, or coſtly ſcents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:
Such, lovely in its dreſs, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Paſtoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But, hates the rattling of a lofty verſe:
There native beauty pleaſes, and excites,
And never with harſh ſounds the ear affrights.

But

But in this ſtyle a poet often ſpent,
In rage throws by his rural inſtrument,
And vainly, when diſorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidſt the Eclogue makes the trumpet ſound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in ſtyle,
Makes ſhepherds ſpeak a language baſe and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without ſound,
Kiſſing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd ſwear that Randal, in his ruſtic ſtrains,
Again was quavering to the country ſwains,
And changing, without care of ſound or dreſs,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Beſs.
'Twixt theſe extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their juſt writing, by the Gods inſpir'd,
Your conſtant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you 'll eaſily comprehend
How poets, without ſhame, may condeſcend
To ſing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To ſtir up ſhepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narciſſus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their riſings lofty, yet not out of ſight.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful ſtyle,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A miſtreſs flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well theſe raptures if you 'll make us ſee,
You muſt know love as well as poetry.
I hate thoſe lukewarm authors, whoſe forc'd fire
In a cold ſtyle deſcribes a hot deſire,
That ſigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their ſluggiſh Muſe whip to an amorous mood:
Their tranſports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always ſigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their priſon, and their ſufferings bleſs,
Make ſenſe and reaſon quarrel as they pleaſe.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That ſmooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, inſtructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the diſcourſe.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongſt the Gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Piſa's wreſtlers tells the ſinewy force,
And ſings the duſty conqueror's glorious courſe:
To Simo's ſtreams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.

Sometimes

Sometimes ſhe flies like an induſtrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemiſtry,
Deſcribes the ſhepherd's dances, feaſts, and bliſs,
And boaſts from Phyllis to ſurprize a kiſs,
When gently ſhe reſiſts with feign'd remorſe,
That what ſhe grants may ſeem to be by force:
Her generous ſtyle at random oft will part,
And by a brave diſorder ſhows her art.
Unlike thoſe fearful poets, whoſe cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exacteſt time,
That ſing th' illuſtrious hero's mighty praiſe
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from leaſt circumſtances part,
But take all towns by ſtricteſt rules of art:
Apollo drives thoſe fops from his abode;
And ſome have ſaid that once the humorous god
Reſolving all ſuch ſcribblers to confound,
For the ſhort Sonnet order'd this ſtrict bound:
Set rules for the juſt meaſure, and the time,
The eaſy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, thoſe licences deny'd
Which in theſe writings the lame ſenſe ſupply'd;
Forbad an uſeleſs line ſhould find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultleſs Sonnet, finiſh'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of looſe poetry.
A hundred ſcribbling authors without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet th' exacteſt ſcarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and cenſure free.

The reſt but little read, regarded leſs,
Are ſhovel'd to the paſtry from the preſs.
Cloſing the ſenſe within the meaſur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reaſon to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good ſentence in a diſtich clos'd.
Theſe points, that by Italians firſt were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or deſpis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their falſe pleaſures quickly they invite;
But public favour ſo increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnaſſus with their tide.
The Madrigal at firſt was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the ſame doom;
With theſe grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the ſtage,
Without his point a lover durſt not rage;
The amorous ſhepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And proſe, as well as verſe, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his ſpeech,
The parſon without quibbling could not preach.
At laſt affronted reaſon look'd about,
And from all ſerious matters ſhut them out:
Declar'd that none ſhould uſe them without ſhame,
Except a ſcattering in the Epigram;

Provided

Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts diſorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Inſipid jeſters, and unpleaſant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that ſometimes a dextrous Muſe
May with advantage a turn'd ſenſe abuſe,
And on a word may trifle with addreſs;
But above all avoid the fond exceſs;
And think not, when your verſe and ſenſe are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The Britiſh round in plainneſs ſhows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may ſofter paſſions move,
And breathe the tender ecſtaſies of love.
Deſire to ſhow itſelf, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue firſt with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and raſcals in the coach.
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
And none uncenſur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whoſe name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their ſharp poetry.

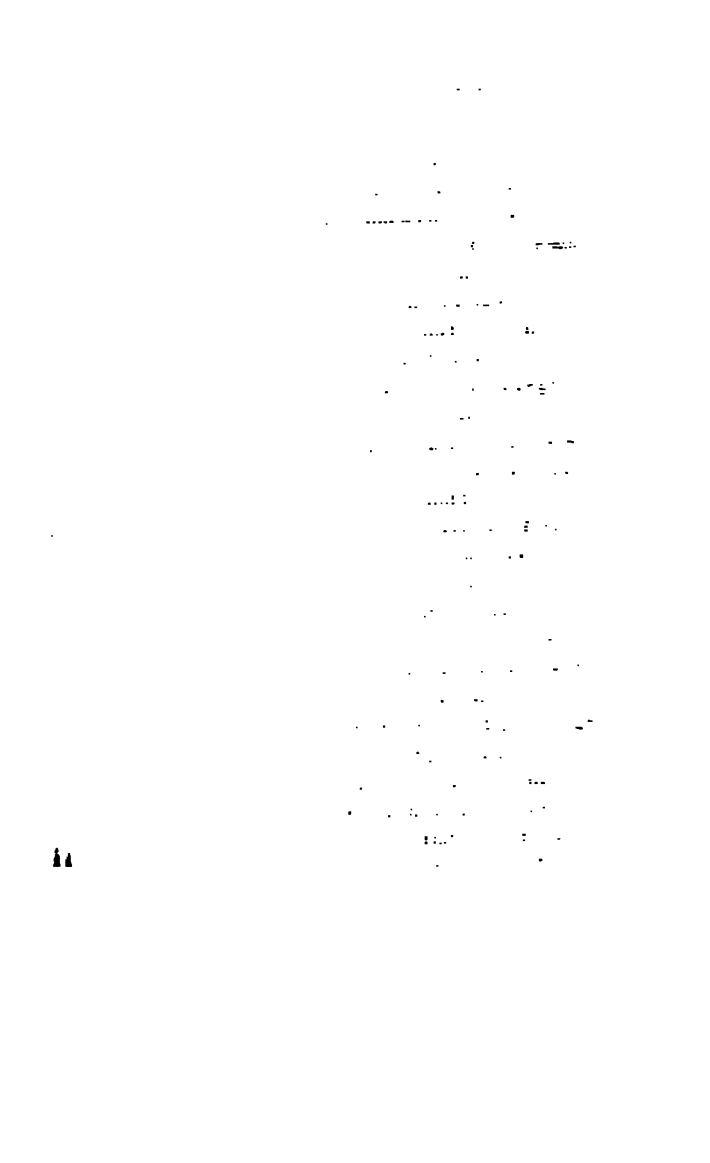
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit.
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole:
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shews,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our respect,
And at immodest writings take offence,
If clean expression cover not the sense.
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;
Not impudence that preaches modesty:
Our English, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we see,
That child of joy begot by liberty.

But, vain blaſphemer, tremble when you chuſe
God for the ſubject of your impious Muſe:
At laſt, thoſe jeſts which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to juſt puniſhment.
Ev'n in a ſong there muſt be art and ſenſe;
Yet ſometimes we have ſeen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furniſh'd out a ſcene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy folly grow to a diſeaſe,
Nor think thyſelf a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does ſome fop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the ſtage;
And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bayes.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE's not a monſter bred beneath the ſky
But, well-diſpos'd by art, may pleaſe the eye:
A curious workman, by his ſkill divine,
From an ill object makes a good deſign.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Oreſtes aſks relief;
And to encreaſe our pleaſure cauſes grief.



A Spaniſh poet may with good event,
In one's day's ſpace whole ages repreſent;
There oft the hero of a wandering ſtage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we that are by reaſon's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be deſign'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the ſtage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
A fooliſh wonder cannot entertain:
My mind 's not mov'd if your diſcourſe be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better ſatisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is moſt agreeably ſurpris'd,
When a well-woven ſubject, long diſguis'd,
You on a ſudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At firſt the Tragedy was void of art;
A ſong; where each man danc'd and ſung his part.
And of God Bacchus roaring out the praiſe,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were ſeen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the beſt ſinger's prize.
Theſpis was firſt, who, all beſmear'd with lee,
Began this pleaſure for poſterity:
And with his carted actors, and a ſong,
Amus'd the people as he paſs'd along.

Next Æſchylus the different perſons plac'd,
And with a better maſk his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhow'd his hero with a buſkin dreſs'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the ſtage,
Engag'd the chorus ſong in every part,
And poliſh'd rugged verſe by rules of art:
He in the Greek did thoſe perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain,
Our pious fathers, in their prieſt-rid age,
As impious and prophane, abhorr'd the ſtage:
A troop of ſilly pilgrims, as 'tis ſaid,
Fooliſhly zealous, ſcandalouſly play'd,
Inſtead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the ſaints.
At laſt, right reaſon did his laws reveal,
And ſhow'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd thoſe nonconformiſts of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the ſtage:
Only th' Athenian maſk was laid aſide,
And chorus by the muſic was ſupply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This paſſion never could reſiſtance find,
But knows the ſhorteſt paſſage to the mind.
Paint then, I 'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame ſhepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrſis ſeen,
Or for a Cyrus ſhow an Art[a] en;

That

That ſtruggling oft his paſſions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes ſhun the low deſign;
Yet to great hearts ſome human frailties join:
Achilles muſt with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to ſee him rage.
Thoſe little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites auſtere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different cuſtoms grow:
And ſtrive to ſhun their fault who vainly dreſs
An antique hero like ſome modern aſs;
Who make old Romans like our Engliſh move,
Show Cato ſparkiſh, or make Brutus love.
In a romance thoſe errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too ſevere would there be uſeleſs found;
But the ſtrict ſcene muſt have a juſter bound:
Exact decorum we muſt always find.
If then you form ſome hero in your mind,
Be ſure your image with itſelf agree;
For what he firſt appears, he ſtill muſt be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own deſign:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Buſſy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought *perfection* was to huff and fight.

Wiſe nature by variety does pleaſe;
Cloath differing paſſions in a differing dreſs:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And ſhow a ranting grief upon the ſtage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His ſevenfold waters to the Euxine ſhore:
Theſe ſwoln expreſſions, this affected noiſe,
Shows like ſome pedant that declaims to boys.
In ſorrow you muſt ſofter methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourſelf muſt weep.
Thoſe noiſy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in ſadneſs drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot eaſily purchaſe fame;
Critics are always apt to hiſs, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every aſs in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To pleaſe, you muſt a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then muſt ſoar on high:
In noble thoughts muſt every where abound,
Be eaſy, pleaſant, ſolid, and profound:
To theſe you muſt ſurpriſing touches join,
And ſhow us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a juſt method well-deſign'd,
May leave a ſtrong impreſſion in the mind.
Theſe are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier ſtrain.
In the narration of ſome great deſign,
Invention, art, and fable, all muſt join:
Here fiction muſt employ its utmoſt grace;
All muſt aſſume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is ſeen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence ſwift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the ſky:
Nor a rough ſtorm that gives the ſailor pain;
But angry Neptune plowing up the main:
Echo 's no more an empty airy ſound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endleſs treaſure of his mind,
The poet does a thouſand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And ſtrows with laviſh hand his opening flowers,
'Tis not a wonder if a tempeſt bore
The Trojan fleet againſt the Libyan ſhore;
From faithleſs fortune this is no ſurprize,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that ſhe might deſtroy,
And overwhelm the reſt of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddeſs join'd,
Open'd the hollow priſons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempeſt, calms the waves again,
Their veſſels from the dangerous quickſands ſteers;
Theſe are the ſprings that move our hopes and fears;

With-

Without theſe ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unſinew'd poem languiſhes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull inſipid tale.
In vain have our miſtaken authors try'd
To lay theſe ancient ornaments aſide,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he ſent,
Might act like thoſe the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Aſhtaroth, and Bel;
The myſteries which Chriſtians muſt believe,
Diſdain ſuch ſhifting pageants to receive:
The goſpel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or puniſhment for faults;
And mingling falſehoods with thoſe myſteries,
Would make our ſacred truths appear like lies.
Beſides, what pleaſure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whoſe rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himſelf diſputes the prize?
Taſſo you 'll ſay has done it with applauſe?
It is not here I mean to judge his cauſe:
Yet though our age has ſo extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his eccſtaſies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleaſing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that chriſtian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;

But in a common ſubject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To baniſh Tritons who the ſeas invade,
To take Pan's whiſtle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To paſs the ſhepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain ſcruples to diſturb your mind,
And ſearch perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to preſent
Prudence or Juſtice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of braſs,
And take from Time his ſcythe, his wings and glaſs.
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Baniſh deſcriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to purſue;
But let our reaſon ſuch vain fears ſubdue:
And let us not, amongſt our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thouſand pleaſures ſee,
And the ſmooth names ſeem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In ſuch a crowd, the poet were to blame
To chuſe king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never ſhould be tir'd?
Chuſe ſome great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage ſignal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;

Let

Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Chuse not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring though the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
Who, without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
"*I sing* the combats of that pious prince

"Wh

" Who from the Phrygian coaſt his armies bore,
" And landed firſt on the Lavinian ſhore."
His opening Muſe ſets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron deſcribe the floods,
And Cæſar's wandering in th' Elyſian woods:
With figures numberleſs his ſtory grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleaſing and ſublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always ſtiff and ſtale,
Who thinks himſelf diſhonour'd in his ſtyle,
If on his works the Graces do but ſmile.
'Tis ſaid, that Homer, matchleſs in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vaſt treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boaſt;
Nor is he in too long digreſſions loſt:
His verſes without rule a method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble anſwers his intent;
Each ſyllable is tending to th' event.
Let his example your endeavours raiſe:
To love his writings is a kind of praiſe.

A poem,

A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantaſtic mind:
There muſt be care, and time, and ſkill, and pains;
Not the firſt heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet ſometimes artleſs poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, preſume they underſtand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fuſtian Muſe each accident confounds;
Nor can ſhe fly, but riſe by leaps and bounds,
Till, their ſmall ſtock of learning quickly ſpent,
Their poem dies for want of nouriſhment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding cenſures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Reſolv'd to like the monſters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer underſtood not poetry:
Againſt their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for juſtice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind ſhall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in duſt and cobwebs let them reſt,
Whilſt we return from whence we firſt digreſt.
The great ſucceſs which tragic writers found,
In Athens firſt the comedy renown'd,
Th' abuſive Grecian there by pleaſing ways,
Diſpers'd his natural malice in his plays;

Wiſdom and virtue, honour, wit, and ſenſe,
Were ſubject to buffooning inſolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and ſought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue ſet at nought!
A Socrates himſelf, in that looſe age,
Was made the paſtime of a ſcoffing ſtage.
At laſt the public took in hand the cauſe,
And cur'd this madneſs by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the perſon, or deſcribe the face.
The ſtage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diſeas'd,
And ſparing perſons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely ſhewn in this new glaſs,
And ſmil'd to think he was not meant the aſs:
A miſer oft would laugh at firſt, to find
A faithful draught of his own ſordid mind;
And fops were with ſuch care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themſelves did ſit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear,
To ſtudy nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Diſcerns the hidden ſecrets of the heart;
He who obſerves, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning ſycophant,
A ſober wit, an enterpriſing aſs,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May ſafely in thoſe noble liſts engage,
And make them act and ſpeak upon the ſtage.

Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may pleaſe the ſight,
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, diſcovers to the wiſe;
But every man has not diſcerning eyes.
All-changing time does alſo change the mind;
And different ages different pleaſures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is eaſily led away;
Vain in diſcourſe, inconſtant in deſire,
In cenſure, raſh; in pleaſures, all on fire.
The manly age does ſteadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his ſoul employ:
Againſt the turns of fate he ſets his mind;
And by the paſt the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age ſtill adding to his ſtores,
For others heaps the treaſure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Paſt times extols, the preſent to debaſe:
Incapable of pleaſures youth abuſe,
In others blames what age does him refuſe.
Your actors muſt by reaſon be control'd;
Let young men ſpeak like young, old men like old:
Obſerve the town, and ſtudy well the court:
For thither various characters reſort:
Thus 'twas great Jonſon purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had born away the crown;
If, leſs deſirous of the people's praiſe,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;

Mixing

Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I ſee the tortoiſe hiſt,
I loſe the author of the Alchemiſt.
The comic wit, born with a ſmiling air,
Muſt tragic grief and pompous verſe forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With baudy jeſts amuſe the populace:
With well-bred converſation you muſt pleaſe,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with eaſe:
Your action ſtill ſhould reaſon's rules obey,
Nor in an empty ſcene may loſe its way.
Your humble ſtyle muſt ſometimes gently riſe;
And your diſcourſe ſententious be, and wiſe:
The paſſions muſt to nature be confin'd;
And ſcenes to ſcenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit muſt not unſeaſonably play;
But follow bus'neſs, never lead the way.
Obſerve how Terence does this error ſhun;
A careful father chides his amorous ſon:
Then ſee that ſon, whom no advice can move,
Forget thoſe orders, and purſue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we diſcover:
'Tis a true ſon, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age;
And keeps the right decorum of the ſtage;
That always pleaſes by juſt reaſon's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauſeous baudry fills his plays;
Let him be gone, and on two treſſels raiſe

Some Smithfield ſtage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings ſpeak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The ſcourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of phyſic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public miſchief was his private gain;
Children their ſlaughter'd parents ſought in vain:
A brother here his poiſon'd brother wept;
Some bloodleſs dy'd, and ſome by opium ſlept.
Colds, at his preſence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at laſt, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his ſtore,
In his new country-houſe affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building aſs:
Here firſt the doctor's talent came in play,
He ſeems inſpir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Deſigns the ſtair-caſe at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his maſon ſend.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In ſhort, to finiſh this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous ſcience does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be maſon, 'tis a uſeful art!

That

Than a dull poet; for that trade accurſt,
Admits no mean betwixt the beſt and worſt.
In other ſciences, without diſgrace,
A candidate may fill a ſecond place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader ſuffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd ſtationers againſt him baul,
And Herringham degrades him from his ſtall.
Burleſque, at leaſt, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the ſtiff formal ſtyle of Gondibert.
Be not affected with that empty praiſe
Which your vain flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
And when you read, with ecſtaſy will ſay,
"The finiſh'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to cenſure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing ſight.
A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not ſold.
Hear all the world; conſider every thought;
A fool by chance may ſtumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muſe inſpire,
Be not impatient to expoſe your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Thoſe tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who ſeize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And ſtop the paſſengers that walk the ſtreet:
There is no ſanctuary you can chuſe
For a defence from their purſuing Muſe.

I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better, is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited ſceptics, void of ſenſe,
By their falſe taſte condemn ſome finiſh'd part,
And blame the nobleſt flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are ſatisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of ſenſe and light,
Thinks nothing can eſcape their feeble ſight:
Their dangerous counſels do not cure, but wound;
To ſhun the ſtorm, they run your verſe aground,
And, thinking to eſcape a rock, are drown'd.
Chuſe a ſure judge to cenſure what you write,
Whoſe reaſon leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whoſe ſteady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully adviſe,
And clear the miſt before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muſe may ſometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her ſtricter bounds and limits part:
But ſuch a perfect judge is hard to ſee,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay ſome there are, for writing verſe extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's droſs from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, obſerve the rules I here lay down.

In

In prudent leſſons every where abound;
With pleaſant join the uſeful and the ſound:
A ſober reader a vain tale will ſlight;
He ſeeks as well inſtruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not thoſe looſe writers, who employ
Their guilty Muſe, good manners to deſtroy;
Who with falſe colours ſtill deceive our eyes,
And ſhow us vice dreſs'd in a fair diſguiſe.
Yet do I not their ſullen Muſe approve,
Who from all modeſt writings baniſh love;
That ſtrip the play-houſe of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lighteſt love, if decently expreſt,
Will raiſe no vicious motions in our breaſt.
Dido in vain may weep, and aſk relief;
I blame her folly, whilſt I ſhare her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To pleaſe the ſenſe needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cauſe a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your deſire.
In vain your art and vigour are expreſt;
Th' obſcene expreſſion ſhows th' infected breaſt.
But above all baſe jealouſies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And ſcorns to grudge at his deſerving friend.
Baſe rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing ſtill againſt it with the great,

Maliciouſly aſpire to gain renown,
By ſtanding up, and pulling others down.
Never debaſe yourſelf by treacherous ways,
Nor by ſuch abject methods ſeek for praiſe:
Let not your only buſineſs be to write;
Be virtuous, juſt, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But ſtrive your converſation be deſir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever chuſe
Gold for the object of a generous Muſe.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor thoſe writers, who deſpiſe
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo baſely will degrade,
And of a noble ſcience make a trade.
Before kind reaſon did her light diſplay,
And government taught mortals to obey,
Men, like wild beaſts, did nature's laws purſue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
Their brutal force, on luſt and rapine bent,
Committed murder without puniſhment:
Reaſon at laſt, by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd theſe ſavages, and tun'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of juſtice made proud rapine ceaſe,
And ſhelter'd innocence by laws and peace.
Theſe benefits from poets we receiv'd,
nce are rais'd thoſe fictions ſince believ'd.

That

That Orpheus, by his ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers:
Theſe miracles from numbers did ariſe:
Since which, in verſe heaven taught his myſteries,
And by a prieſt, poſſeſs'd with rage divine,
Apollo ſpoke from his prophetic ſhrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Heſiod did his Grecian ſwains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus uſeful rules were by the poets aid,
In eaſy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleaſingly their precepts did impart;
Firſt charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The Muſes thus their reputation rais'd,
And with juſt gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleaſure mortals did their wonders ſee,
And ſacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at laſt, baſe flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnaſſus with this vice was ſtain'd:
Deſire of gain dazzling the poets eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulſome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verſe became a mercenary trade.
Debaſe not with ſo mean a vice thy art:
If gold muſt be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian ſtrand,
Thoſe ſtreams are not inrich'd with golden ſand:

Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleaſure in Parnaſſus' dreams,
Or reliſhes the Heliconian ſtreams.
Horace had eaſe and plenty when he writ,
And, free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verſe is cheriſh'd by the great,
And now none famiſh who deſerve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and ſenſe,
Receive the ſtars propitious influence;
When a ſharp-ſighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your nobleſt theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenſer raiſe his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham ſtart up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praiſe let bright-ey'd virgins ſing;
Let Dryden with new rules our ſtage refine,
And his great models form by this deſign:
But where's a ſecond Virgil, to rehearſe
Our hero's glories in his epic verſe?
What Orpheus ſing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and foreſts move again;
Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian ſhore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;

Paint

Paint Europe's balance in his ſteady hand,
Whilſt the two worlds in expectation ſtand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I ſpeak new glories ſtrike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itſelf does give, and prize,
Bleſſings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, diſcord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
Vaniſh with all the miniſters of hell:
His rays their poiſonous vapours ſhall diſpel:
'Tis he alone our ſafety did create,
His own firm ſoul ſecur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the ſtate,
Authors, for him your great endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt numbers will but reach his praiſe.
For me, whoſe verſe in ſatire has been bred,
And never durſt heroic meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield:
Offer your leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe Horace for her guide did chuſe:
Second your zeal with wiſhes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A ſtrict obſerver of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I ſeparate the allay,
And ſhow how haſty writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary friend.

THRE-

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there 's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room:
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.

The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And, with a fervent flame,
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear ſovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltleſs of greatneſs thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's face,
He shook her from his arms.
Arriv'd where in the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.
Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious duke—Forbear, audacious Muse!
No terms thy feeble art can use
Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
His like a sovereign did transcend;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.

Heaven

Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below;
And mild forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' etherial throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt borne by force as in the giants' war.
The prayers at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days, thoſe five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,

All

All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
Gladneſs in every face expreſt,
Their eyes before their tongues confeſt.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte;
And long-inveterate foes ſaluted as they paſt:
Above the reſt heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſh'd love,
Its more than common tranſport could not hide;
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.

Thus,

Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns and wins upon the ſhore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries, a king muſt fall, or kingdoms change their ſway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful ſtriſe,
And made but faint eſſays of life:
And evening light
Soon ſhut in night;
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The ſons of art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate ſo near a foil:

But

But like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be eſſay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain inſurancers of life,
And he who moſt perform'd and promis'd leſs,
Ev'n Short himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair were in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends, who view from ſhore
The labouring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar;
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
Which ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
He took the ſummons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly caſt his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grieſly challenger.
What death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace:
The ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place:
Nor loſt the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So chearfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide for death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly ſtate;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!

All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both heaven,
The right had given
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſt that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt he choſe
A prince who never diſobey'd:
Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe, for whom love could no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, though rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brothers' tenderneſs:
Though that 's a term too mean and low;
The bleſt above a kinder word may know:

But what they did, and what they ſaid,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are ſpent,
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love;
Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And aſk'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godleſs men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country ſent
Their beſt Camillus into baniſhment:
And forc'd their ſovereign's act, they could not his conſent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his ſufferings paſt!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at laſt,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief:
His dauntleſs heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhow
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend ſo plenteouſly confeſt.

IX.

Amidſt that ſilent ſhower, the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy proſperous reign to ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy ſhade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous bleſſings yearly ſhower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom, ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery:
For theſe and more, accept our pious praiſe;
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity.

Poſterity

Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore
To them and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion of a long deſcent
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt gem that decks th' imperial crown:
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates, inſolently loud,
Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd,
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will;
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load 's too weighty: thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more laviſh than the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:

His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true:
That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed?
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If ſcience rais'd her head,
And ſoft humanity that from rebellion fled?
Our iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the ſolar walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſt th' obedient field.
When ſtrait a double harveſt roſe;
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradiſe manur'd and dreſt by hands divine.

XIII. As

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy choriſters a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
So, riſing from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young:
The Muſe that mourns him now his happy triumph ſung,
Ev'n they could thrive in his auſpicious reign;
And ſuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureſt and well-winow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they ſung and flew,
Like birds of paradiſe that liv'd on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penſion of a prince's praiſe is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live bleſt above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a ſinking ſtate,
Who didſt by wiſe delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempeſt roſe,
In death's moſt hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didſt oppoſe,
To weather out the ſtorm:

Not quitting thy ſupreme command,
Thou held'ſt the rudder with a ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the ſhore the bark did land:
The bark that all our bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thyſelf and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know:
For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought,
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The beſt, and beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernatural power ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Ev'n in thy ſaints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citzens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt return:

So

So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Ev'n to the driblet of a day.
Yet ſtill we murmur and complain,
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain;
Thoſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew;
The choſen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!
Heroes in heaven's peculiar mold are caſt,
They and their poets are not form'd in haſte;
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
Falſe heroes, made by flattery ſo,
Heaven can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas try'd and found a maſter-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future God at firſt was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate

Ev'n

And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a proſperous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold ev'n the remoter ſhores,
A conquering navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And, with a willing hand, reſtores
The faſces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR ſpirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!

Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding ſpirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE

THE SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd!—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt for the nation's crying ſins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me:
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

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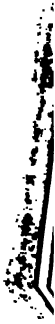

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

LONDON:

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THE

POEMS

OF

DRYDEN.

VOLUME II.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

" ——Antiquam exquirite matrem.
" Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea." VIRG.

THE

PREFACE TO THE READER.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged either on this ſide or that; and though conſcience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conſcience, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this advertiſement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them either ſects or churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the ſeveral members of them; at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. For example; there are ſome of the church by law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty of conſcience to diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide, there are many of our ſects, and

more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come over to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gun-ſhot. Our phyſicians have obſerved, that, in proceſs of time, ſome diſeaſes have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of perſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the diſſenters, in their addreſſes to his majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has reſtored God to "his empire over conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are *driven into* the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather *made* hypocrites than converts.

Thus

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that they ſuffered not before for conſcience-ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a chriſtian king, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them, that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter, and the beginning of this ſpring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſci-

conficience came abroad: which if I had fo foon expected, I might have fpared myfelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in fome hope, that the church of England might have been perfuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teft, which was one defign of the poem, when I propofed to myfelf the writing of it.

It is evident that fome part of it was only occafional, and not firft intended: I mean that defence of myfelf, to which every honeft man is bound, when he is injurioufly attacked in print: and I refer myfelf to the judgment of thofe, who have read the Anfwer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutchefs (in which laft I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and fupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can afford me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider whether he deſerved not a more fevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe, whom he pretended to anſwer; and at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh; I believe I may ſay in any other tongue: for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the

twenty-fifth, and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mrs. James, to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracted from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond, being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are pro-

perly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common-places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.
Not ſo her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal blood aroſe,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine ſeed,
Endued with ſouls, increas'd the ſacred breed.

So captive Iſrael multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladneſs mix'd, the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.
Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſovereign power her company diſdain'd;
Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.
The bloody bear, an independent beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all ſects, and had his own to chuſe:
Still when the lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled baptiſt boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race:
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.

But

But ſince the mighty ravage, which he made
In German foreſts, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And nature's king through nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God deſcry.
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of antient witneſs can prevail,
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?
But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandering fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.

Good

Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte, rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain,
One ſingle place two bodies did contain.
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,

And thence concluded, that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all thoſe wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away.
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.

And

And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed:
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou firſt apoſtate to divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains:
A fiercer foe th' inſatiate wolf remains.
Too boaſtful Britain, pleaſe thyſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore:
The bear, the boar, and every ſavage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bower,
And, muzzled though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt, the wolfiſh race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame; but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.

His

His wild diſorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in Cambria ſeen:
The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race;
Becauſe of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his conſort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius firſt th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin bleſt the nuptial bed.
In Iſrael ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud ſanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince,
Or, ſince he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conſpire
From Moſes' hand the ſovereign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to diveſt:
Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And could not bear the burden of a claſs.
The fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.

And

And ſome wild curs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and ſtate have you redreſs'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampled down,
Your fangs you faſten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monſters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſour herbage riſes on the green;
So, ſpringing where thoſe midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blaſphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the ſkies, is plac'd,
And kings, like ſlaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſome is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for phyſic uſe.

As,

As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No huſbandry can heal the blaſting wound;
Nor bladed graſs, nor bearded corn ſucceeds,
But ſcales of ſcurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth.
But, as the poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy coaſts confin'd;
As only Indian ſhades of ſight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So preſbytery and peſtilential zeal
Can only flouriſh in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfiſh crew;
But ah! ſome pity ev'n to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy;
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.
In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannic ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a ſofter mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of heaven:

The ſmith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at laſt to human race,
The Godhead took a deep conſidering ſpace;
And to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt;
And mercy mixt with reaſon did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, iſſuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t' o'ertake them in their flight:
Of eaſy ſhape, and pliant every way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day:
With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of empire ſour'd his balmy blood.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its firſt and loudeſt cry,
For differing worſhip of the Deity.

Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famiſh'd beaſt:
Mild were his laws; the ſheep and harmleſs hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the Britiſh lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabled, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
Theſe are the chief: to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like Adam, naming every beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten tribe;

Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found.
Theſe groſs, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But, if they think at all, 'tis ſure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire:
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay:
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are they,
As would but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as ſhards produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.
The Panther ſure the nobleſt, next the Hind,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me ſpeak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to ſhare her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who ſins but in her will.

If, as our dreaming platoniſts report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the ſky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacrilege and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſy.
God's and kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike deſtructive both to church and ſtate:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts, and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide,
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd!
Where marriage pleaſures midnight prayer ſupply,
And mattin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increaſe and multiply.

Religion ſhews a roſy-colour'd face;
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Muſſulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of ſenſe allur'd his eaſtern proſelytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradiſe more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneaſy traveling alone;
And, in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th' etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd, and battening on their food, to ſhow
Their diligence of careful herds below.

Our Panther, though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The croſier weilded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church and church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.

But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
Was Calvin's brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe deform'd the leaſt.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join;
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the godhead 's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign,
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join.
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His blood and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithful this thing ſignify'd receive:
What is 't thoſe faithful then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgment, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The literal ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

Her

Her wild belief on every wave is toſt;
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That intereſt or obligement made the tye.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
Before the ſounding ax ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine,
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortune's favours are undone;
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Iſgrim's counſel, her new-choſen mate;
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey,
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all; and thoſe, who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;

If ſhe reform by text, ev'n that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word 's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in power ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain,
And by that ſcripture, which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation, ſtands herſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe, ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But ſcripture may be conſtrued to defend?
Ev'n thoſe, whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil power, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a judge is due;
Each judging for himſelf by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe the magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing human laws.
How anſwering to its end a church is made,
Whoſe power is but to counſel and perſuade!
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!

Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful power ſhe might controul,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.

One evening, while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.

More

More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign lion bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.

The

The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.
For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumors ran,
The lady of the ſpotted-muff began.

The SECOND PART.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;

Th' incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there;
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.
As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the ſlanderous tongues that call'd you ſo.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,

After

After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,
Your ſalvo comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and intereſt will prevail with ſome;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd.

But, if that common principle be true,
The cannon, dame, is level'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain would ſee
That wondrous wight Infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come:
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean Rome?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppoſe, though I diſown it, ſaid the Hind,
The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd:
The doubtful reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe philoſophers may diſagree,
If ſight emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in univerſals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils muſt reſide;
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted ſenſe the church relies.
'Tis true, ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The church's after-acceptation join.
This laſt circumference appears too wide;
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;

As

As members, by their repreſentatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and ſenate gives.
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace:
In pope and council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe canons all the needful points contain;
Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any ſhould in after-times appear,
New councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Becauſe in them the power ſupreme reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who, ſetting councils, pope, and church aſide,
Are every man his own preſuming guide.
The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read interpreters may be:
Thus, though your ſeveral churches diſagree,
Yet every ſaint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of this philoſophic ſtone.
Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
When differing doctors and diſciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Like wild horſes ſeveral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the chriſtian world;

Each

Each Jehu laſhing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe;
No matter what diſſenſion leaders make,
Where every private man may ſave a ſtake:
Rul'd by the ſcripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradiſe;
Where, driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.

True, ſaid the Panther, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.

Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.

For

For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal God-head diſavow?
And did not theſe by goſpel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the ſcriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That ſtrong debate? was it by ſcripture try'd?
No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marſhal'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther ſmil'd at this; and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
Friend, ſaid the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on ſcripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, ſaid the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition 's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet them by the rule, and, as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.

(Hind.) The council ſteer'd, it ſeems, a different courſe;
They try'd the ſcripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the ſcripture try;
Purſued by ſects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the ſcripture, not the ſcripture you.
Thus ſaid the dame, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
And ſcripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to ſcripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus, when you ſaid, Tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the ſcripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.

If

If not by ſcriptures, how can we be ſure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.
How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where every age does on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the ſkies.
Sternly the ſavage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And ſaid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for ſweet;
But from the wolf ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authors uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our intereſt, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.

For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide;
And fathers too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.

And

And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd ſenate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we muſt fix on church authority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is antichriſt by antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and diſband.
Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;

But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all-ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.
Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt;
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event would be like that of Moſes' law;
Some difference would ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure;
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was, ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
But ſince th' apoſtles could not be confin'd
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith, they ſpread their labours too.

Yet

Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare;
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended but occaſional,
Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought;
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one ſaint has ſaid of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity could heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apoſtles' writ,
By which my ſons are taught, to which ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths, their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the primitive at laſt.

Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what th' apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors riſe
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And, ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtering ſores her councils heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal;
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with ſubordination to her guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their intereſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.
Shall then the Teſtament award the right?
No, that 's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.

There-

Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe, the fair apoſtate ſaid, I grant,
The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chace purſue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew.
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—"ſhe whom ye ſeek am I."
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-general of the land:
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſovereignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.

To

To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed:
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take,
Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the ſcriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which every ſect will for themſelves expound;
Nor think leſs reverence to their doctors due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey.
But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a different ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.

I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral churches diſagree.
The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery:
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face diſſenſions would increaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd:
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:

Becauſe

Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting, to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown;
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight;
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt,
With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;
But ſtrive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty Father ſate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions, at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound:

All

All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her Belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that to aſſert ſpiritual royalty.
One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the church, and muſt be to be true:
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.

Thus

Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face,
Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The goſpel-ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common-ſewers we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.

Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
Thieves, pandars, paillards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And ſet a public price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked ſhame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
Th' ambitious title of apoſtolic:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,

And

And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands: [ſtands.
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet ſhe
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there 's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd,
Till ſchiſm or hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike,
Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,

Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſy.
If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſehood, for ſo long a ſpace,
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
Drown'd in th' abyſs of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.
Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joſeph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you ſold.

Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the ſkies; a chearful azure light:
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty ſprigl
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night:
The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did reſtore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapors roſe, and dews unwholſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.
The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all-flaming red;
She thought good-manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:

Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, traveling ſo late,
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.

The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet, wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word:
Who entering firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed
With hoary moſs, and winding ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures;
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God;

A God victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not ſoon control'd,
A while ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.

Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met.
Mean-while ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme;
Remembering every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.
Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:

Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But, that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But ſaid, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſons, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's
day.

This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:

Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice, ſtood in open ſight:
Ambition, intereſt, pride without control,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound:
But ſtrove with anodynes t' aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold;
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore,
I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.

But

But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.
  This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.
  I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
  Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead,
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame Gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line?
They alk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.

Your

Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new French proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar:
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t'other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:

They

They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.
Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt:
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay that, look the reformation round,
No treatiſe of humility is found
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant.

No

No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.
Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples higher would change their note,
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.
Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay ſmall attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For ſilently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is beſtow'd, that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur, had they leſs.
But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door.

Unpity'd

Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
" He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in ſight
His equal match, he rouzes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day,
Walks over and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.

This

This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewel to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.

Thus (ſhe purſued) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too:

That

That, ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his ſovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he who counſel'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend!
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges every tire around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.

In Henry's charge his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
Confront but Henry's words wit'h Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.

Now let your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A treatiſe of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had never been ſought,
Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.

The

The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore or practiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.

Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd.
And none of all her favourite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th' abetters of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight,
A ſpotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though ſhe ſaw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife,
And judge converſion by the convert's life.

'Tis

'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhould follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge yourſelf if intereſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow increaſe.
By education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.

The prieſt continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But intereſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
When intereſt fortifies an argument,
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſy bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cauſe,
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;
Diſdain of fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not propheſy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.

For

For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.
Nay, no miſchance, the Savage Dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I 'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.

But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe, and ſet up every ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivering on the ſhore,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.
With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never underſtood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, ſooth to ſay, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houſhold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not: ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price;
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.

To

To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divinereſs had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, but many ages yet,
In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails to dry.

But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight rou
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream;
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear:
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:

For Martin much devotion did not aſk;
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their taſk.
It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiſſes or for Gibeonites deſign'd,)
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,

And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That every ſon can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage-offerings riſe apace.
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill-fated day;
The reſt would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte,
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;

Which,

Which, by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the Virgin Balance ſhould remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, purſued no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the publick in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe;
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came; no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl;
She ſpread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:

But, ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treaſonous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpſe unbleſs'd is hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part:
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe every child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſummed their ſcandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;

The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not; the charge concerns not you:
Your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that 's a word of neutral ſenſe, you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.
Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſued her argument again.
If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and kings' deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love;
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuffering brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.

Cure'd

Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins.

But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Teſt, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember, that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſovereign lord;
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſ-heir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had, by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he render'd back the gold.

What

What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now, when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the ſovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt:
They need but rub their metal on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs,
The droſs of atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
The papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.

No

No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the ſubject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the lofer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of profer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,

And,

And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard;
Theſe to reſcind, and peerage to reſtore,
My gracious ſovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.
Conſcience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every diſtant view.
When firſt the Lion ſat with awful ſway,
Your conſcience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your ſtatutes and your teſt;
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects eſſay'd their utmoſt art,
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part;
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And only ſhort of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitful as the Nile;

Forgetting whence your Egypt was ſupply'd,
You thought your ſovereign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And make a wiſe alliance with her foes.
Can Conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame.
But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O Proteus conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
The ſeeming Gordian knot would ſoon unty;
Immortal powers the term of Conſcience know,
But Intereſt is her name with men below.

Conſcience or Intereſt be't, or both in one,
(The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone)
The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our teſt excludes your tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.

Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withſtood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend;
A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow;
Your all-diſpenſing power protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the Hind, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You would poſtpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjuſt:
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance.
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
Who will not now repeal, would perſecute.
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend.
For ſhame, let Conſcience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before:
But ſhe's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea;

And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe;
And argues that the true religion lies
In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.
Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear;
The ſound is frightful in a chriſtian's ear:
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain;
Thoſe prayers are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppreſs'd,
Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open breaſt.
He ſtands in day-light, and diſdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore;
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well, ſaid the Panther, I believe him juſt,
And yet—
And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt;
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The Hind thus briefly; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On power of kings, and their ſuperior charge,
As heaven's truſtees before the people's choice:
Though ſure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear thoſe echos given of her once-loyal voice.

The Matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win; her hour of grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree?
The Dame reply'd: 'Tis ſung in every ſtreet,
The common chat of goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholſome tale, though told in homely ſtyle.

A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At land and ſea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftner drew his ſword, and always for the right.

As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent;
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent;
But overlook'd his Hinds; their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:

Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was aukward at a trick.
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe friends, his deadlieſt foes, could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs, to betray:
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For proſperous honeſty is ſeldom ſeen
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.

This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd;
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.

Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone,
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own;
A ſort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;

Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on ſalt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That houſe which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord:
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to heaven's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their maſter did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
Ev'n though they were not doves, to perſecute:

Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought:
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himſelf, and not for others, choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn rites was made,
And ſacred incenſe on his altars laid.
Beſides theſe jolly birds, whoſe corpſe impure
Repaid their commons with their ſalt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his uſe:
Wherein his poor domeſtic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruiſe of water and an ear of corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A ſheaf in every ſingle grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family

To

To ſacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt.
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.
Good ſenſe in ſacred worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And ſiſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtiff world to God,
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe,
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.

Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
For vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adorning ſhrines, and ſtocks of ſainted trees;
And by him, a miſ-ſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow;
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But intereſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word.

A la

A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed:
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſovereign was of ſubjects' uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of ſo unnatural a law:
But ſtill the dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours good;
And which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.

New

New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd, to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be wiſe.
After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them with his head aſide,
That deſperate cures muſt be to deſperate ills apply'd:
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' increaſing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly:
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Muſquet and the Coyſtrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:

But

But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent.

This pithy ſpeech prevail'd; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard! was the general cry.

A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.

And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſued his compliment;
But, by reverſe of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no ſovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,

He

He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcowers the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave.
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor ſighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors nor windows can contain the preſs:
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the ſtews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.

That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute:
No rigor of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their ſovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of ſoul.
'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.
But when th' imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuffering wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find.
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.
But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.

He

He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs:
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed, the ſecret ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate:
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.

The

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight:
But each have ſeparate intereſts of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted Pigeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM on the PRINCE, born on the Tenth of June, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe, who came to pray.
Juſt on the day, when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in its northern progreſs run,
He bended forward, and ev'n ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the buſineſs of his longeſt morn;
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly ſummer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to chear,
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes th' auſpicious heir,
This age to bloſſom, and the next to bear.
Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a bleſſing to ſo good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt;
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire ſhar'd:
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail, Son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven; but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require;
To change th' inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye ſeraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auſpice to the new.
Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.

Or,

Behold another Sylveſter, to bleſs
The ſacred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs;
Large of his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine
(The former too was of the Britiſh line);
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whoſe exile many ſought, and few oppos'd?
O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit thoſe evils, that this good might come?
So manifeſt, that ev'n the moon-ey'd ſects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.
To dream that chance his preſervation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
Or the ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
To people earth, and to reſtore their kind.

When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majeſtic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
On the fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:
If the firſt opening page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.

See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Aſſures our birthrights, and aſſumes his own:
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in earth:
But ſicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the ſkies:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.

Not great Æneas ſtood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his goddeſs mother's grace:
For ſhe herſelf had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

If our victorious Edward, as they ſay,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born

Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th' ætherial hoſts,
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our iſle,
With chearful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill-increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the ſtill impending teſt,
And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt through their native ſoil;
A harveſt ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early ſaints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his, and our atonement go;
And, reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreſhow'd
His wonted courſe, the ſea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing:

The

The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhivering ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Araunah's threſhing-floor:
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebuſite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys ſincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the ſacred infant's year.
Five months to diſcord and debate were given:
He ſanctifies the yet remaining ſeven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleſt,
And prelude to the realms perpetual reſt!
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone;
Luſtrations for offences not his own.
Let Conſcience, which is intereſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Un-nam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to fame:
Is there a ſtrife in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe,
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe.

But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues, and faſcinating eyes;
This iſle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven ſhall make him known;
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the father in his ſoul,
And for his Eſtian race, and Saxon ſtrain,
Might reproduce ſome ſecond Richard's reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious tranſport of the news
Had to prophetic madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyſs to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the ſudden blaſt,
The face of heaven, and our young Sun o'ercaſt!
Fame, the ſwift ill, increaſing as ſhe roll'd,
Diſeaſe, deſpair, and death, at three repriſes told:

At

At three inſulting ſtrides ſhe ſtalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, ſtruck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but, mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the ſky.
Here black rebellion ſhooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the ſons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! ſo low were driven
The ſaints, as hardly to defend their heaven.

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our ſouls; till, ſlow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty bleſſing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers reſtor'd.

So, ere the Shunamite a ſon conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A ſon was ſent, the ſon ſo much deſir'd;
But ſoon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled ſeer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſtoral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul, return'd.

Thus mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.

As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,

Think

Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt:
For heaven will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career.
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may paſs,
With ſparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morſels, and delays them long.

True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding-garment on the gueſt?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent, though his ark was there.

Ah!

Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the choſen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day.
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere,
Beyond the ſunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Though beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, though the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done.

Let

Let angels voices with their harps conſpire,
But keep th' auſpicious infant from the choir;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter muſic than his cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, great monarch, more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore;
The day which gave this unit, did not ſhine
For a leſs omen, than to fill the trine.
After a prince, an admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our iſle has younger titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted land can yield no more.
Your line can force them from a foreign ſhore.
The name of great your martial mind will ſuit;
But juſtice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And, in him, Plutarch propheſy'd of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But juſtice is a virtue ſhar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have aſſum'd,
Some to be great, ſome to be gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs power, and arbitrary luſt,
Made tyrants ſtill abhor the name of juſt;
They ſhunn'd the praiſe this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward;
For few would love their God, unleſs they fear'd.

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And deathleſs being even the damn'd enjoy;
And yet heaven's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt:
But juſtice is heaven's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and ſtate
Are one to fortune ſubject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile;
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's our iſle.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Auguſtus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In proſe and verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Through all the realms of Nonſenſe, abſolute.
This aged prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
And, pondering, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulneſs from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my ſons, is he,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks, that ſhade the plain,
And ſpread in ſolemn ſtate ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.

At thy well-ſharpen'd thumb from ſhore to ſhore
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou weild'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind,
(The fair Auguſta much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.

Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Jonſon dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian Muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker propheſy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe.
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pſyches owe,
But worlds of miſers from his pen ſhould flow:
Humoriſts and hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now empreſs fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almoſt chok'd the way.

Bilk'd

Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulneſs would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his ſiniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway;
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded Pſyche ſprung.
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung, by Tyber's brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The fire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.

Heavens bleſs my ſon! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.

But

But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou wouldſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſyche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou mayſt wings diſplay and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou wouldſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

EPIS-

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

To my honoured Friend Sir ROBERT HOWARD, on his excellent POEMS.

AS there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as ſtoics feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be:

Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread,
Lets through its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that 's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,

All

All will at length in this opinion reſt,
" A ſober prince's government is beſt."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your Muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliza's ſhade may now its wandering ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colours laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing, than their ſubſtance priz'd.

Your curious notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But, what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's intereſt, than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to propheſy.
" This work, by merit firſt of fame ſecure,
" Is likewiſe happy in its geniture:
" For, ſince 'tis born when Charles aſcends the throne,
" It ſhares at once his fortune and its own."

EPIS-

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

To my honoured friend Dr. CHARLETON, on his learned and uſeful works; but more particularly his Treatiſe of STONE-HENGE, by him reſtored to the true founder.

THE longeſt tyranny that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our anceſtors betray'd
Their free-born reaſon to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their univerſal light.
So truth, while only one ſupply'd the ſtate,
Grew ſcarce, and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words ſeal'd up with Ariſtotle's arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his throne;
And found a temperate in a torrid zone:
The feveriſh air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales ſet round with ſhady trees;
And guiltleſs men, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we ſtill paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature juſtly claim;
The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd:
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies,
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.
Among th' aſſerters of free reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.

The

The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowledge, but its future too.
Gilber ſhall live, till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen,
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.
The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,
Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
And is, like that, unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make ſtones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their ſhort dominion loſt,
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wondering ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature, and their princely mien.
Our ſovereign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.

Theſe

These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.
His refuge then was for a temple shown:
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE THE THIRD.

To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her encouraging his first PLAY.

AS seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;
Let merit crowns, and justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.

You

You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.
Your power you never uſe, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others' innocence:
Your foes are ſuch, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the antient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay,
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſex were ſung
By thoſe old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dreſs'd them up to charm the ſight;
So beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes till ſhe came to age.

But this long-growing debt to poetry
You juſtly, madam, have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe.

EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

To Mr. LEE, on his ALEXANDER.

THE blaſt of common cenſure could I fear,
Before your play my name ſhould not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure:
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then, envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For, ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For ev'n reverſions are all begg'd before:

Deſert,

Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf away.
Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high, to be expreſt;
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is yours, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe thoſe drones, who praiſe, while they accuſe,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muſe.
That humble ſtyle which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.

But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty, ſhews a maſter's hand.

EPISTLE THE FIFTH.

To the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his excellent Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

WHether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian ſhore,
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.
The Grecians added verſe: their tuneful tongue
Made nature firſt, and nature's God, their ſong.
Nor ſtopt tranſlation here: for conquering Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian Muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd world could yield before.
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhymes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age.

Then

Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſued their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes' empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles's reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an Eſſay;
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd, for nature to appear.
Nor need thoſe rules to give tranſlation light:
His own example is a flame ſo bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain.
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt,
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!
Their iſland in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conquering anceſtors were nurſt;
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;

A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of art!
Great generals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers' hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer;
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves!
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſcommon writes; to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe, feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſcommon firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

To the Dutcheſs of York, on her Return from Scotland in the Year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, a Venus; ſome, a Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.

For

For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate;
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A LETTER to Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one.

Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or ev'n for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth 's ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:

No,

No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much eaſe
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights, I mention'd laſt,
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here 's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,

That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wiſe negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

To Mr. SOUTHERNE, on his Comedy call'd, The WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there 's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.

Farce,

Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent;
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow:
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Ev'n lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But reſt ſecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners, as the Wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherley:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

To HENRY HIGDEN, Eſq; on his Tranſlation of the Tenth Satire of JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire firſt began,
Were pleaſant Paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail, perhaps; they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.

Revenge

Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that cure to you reſtore;
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

To my dear Friend Mr CONGREVE, on his Comedy call'd, The DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.

Like

Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude;
And boiſterous Engliſh wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength;
Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.
Great Jonſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t' other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege's courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength, of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,

And

And join his ſufferage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I propheſy; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Though with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that 's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That 's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.

Already

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, on his excellent Tragedy called, HEROIC LOVE.

AUſpicious poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:

Old

Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miſcall reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy,
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting-ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coaſt.
This difference yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

EPIS-

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

To my Friend Mr. MOTTEUX, on his Tragedy called, BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art, by heaven itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lye,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern,
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely or prophanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:

Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, intereſt, avarice, accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a Tragic Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee
That ev'n Cornëille might with envy ſee
Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign gueſt
Should over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.
In under-praiſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue:

Words,

Words, once my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and ſo good a friend.

EPISTLE THE THIRTEENTH.

To my honoured Kinſman, JOHN DRYDEN, of Cheſterton, in the County of Huntingdon, Eſq.

HOW bleſs'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of ſtrife!
Who, ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deſerve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himſelf, needs only to be known.
Juſt, good, and wiſe, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe;
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little won,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone:
Such are not your decrees; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind;
Like your own ſoul, ſerene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife;
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.

For

For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So, farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
But yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe;
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports, or ſylvan chace:

With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours:
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.

Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he,
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlippery thrones were plac'd;
And, chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.

So liv'd our ſires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know:)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt; and vindicates the prey.

What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
Wouldſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.

By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wandering in the dark,
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, generous as his Muſe, preſcribes and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:

Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey; and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill:
He ſcapes the beſt, who, nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private uſe;
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns; and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
To poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit!
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give,
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need, relies.

Munſter

Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war, in every annual courſe;
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdued, is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, though pretending arms, purſued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove, to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful dye again?

In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limit ſhow;
One muſt not ebb, nor t' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode;
Like thoſe that water'd once the paradiſe of God.
Some overpoiſe of ſway, by turns, they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.
Patriots, in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubbornneſs reſiſting might:
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.
O true deſcendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good, as it reſembles thee.

The

The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred Muſes thy diſgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a houſe few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

EPISTLE THE FOURTEENTH.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, principal Painter to his Majeſty.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: ſuch thy ſkill,
That nature ſeems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
And from their animated canvaſs came,
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,

But

But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dress't:
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shake-

Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight:
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy criticks in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy croud,
Like womens anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles a while, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.

Likeneſs

Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Though nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world would ſtrive.

Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t'inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are every where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs ideot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.

For

For Time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which Time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

EPISTLE THE FIFTEENTH.

A familiar Epiſtle to Mr. JULIAN, Secretary of the Muſes.

THOU common ſhore of this poetic town,
Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
For ſonnet, ſatyr, bawdry, blaſphemy,
Are emptied, and diſburden'd all in thee:
The choleric wight untruſſing all in rage
Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page:
Thou Julian, or thou wiſe Veſpaſian rather,
Doſt from this dung thy well-pickt guineas gather,
All miſchief 's thine, tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop,
From lofty Middleſex to lowly Scroop.
What times are theſe, when in the hero's room,
Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
And little Aſton offers to the bum?
Can two ſuch pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch Tom-Thumbs of ſatire in a court?
Poor George grows old, his Muſe worn out of faſhion,
Hoarſely he ſung Ephelia's lamentation.
Leſs art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-rid age,
That drone has loſt his ſting upon the ſtage:

Reſolve me, poor apoſtate, this my doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath ſent thee this intelligence.
A knight there is, if thou canſt gain his grace,
Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face,
For proweſs of the pen renown'd is he,
From Don Quixote deſcended lineally;
And, though like him unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of wit and love.
Of his unfiniſh'd face, what ſhall I ſay?
But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay,
That much, much ochre was on it beſtow'd,
God's image 'tis not, but ſome Indian god:
Our Chriſtian earth can no reſemblance bring
But ware of Portugal for ſuch a thing;
Such carbuncles his fiery face confeſs,
As no Hungarian water can redreſs.
A face which ſhould he ſee (but heaven was kind,
And, to indulge his ſelf, Love made him blind.)
He durſt not ſtir abroad for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming women in the ſtreet:
The beſt could happen from this hideous ſight,
Is that they ſhould miſcarry with the fright—
Heaven guard them from the likeneſs of the knight!
Such is our charming Strephon's outward man,
His inward parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can:
One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no leſs Loviſa's name;

For

For when his paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The ſcum at laſt boils up into a ſong;
And ſure no mortal creature at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear ſelf of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are ſcanning as he walks;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuſe,
The airy ſymptoms of a breeding Muſe,
And all to gain the great Loviſa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for ſuch a face;
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their ſport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he 's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an Æthiop's face, or his.
What fate unhappy Strephon does attend?
Never to get a miſtreſs, nor a friend.
Strephon alike both wits and fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like Æſop's batt, half bird, half beaſt;
For fools to poetry have no pretence,
And common wit ſuppoſes common ſenſe,
Not quite ſo low as fool, nor quite a-top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop.
His morals like his wit are motley too,
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado.
But vanity and lying ſo prevail,
That one grain more of each would turn the ſcale:
He would be more a villain had he time,
But he 's ſo wholly taken up with rhyme,
That he miſtakes his talent; all his care
Is to be thought a poet fine and fair.

Small-

Small-beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he preſcribes himſelf to think;
Rhyme next his heart he takes at the morn peep,
Some love-epiſtles at the hour of ſleep;
So betwixt elegy and ode we ſee
Strephon is in a courſe of poetry:
This is the man ordain'd to do thee good,
The pelican to feed thee with his blood;
Thy wit, thy poet, nay thy friend, for he
Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
Make ſure of him and of his Muſe betimes,
For all his ſtudy is hung round with rhymes.
Laugh at him, juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes,
In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights;
Charg'd with the laſt, and baſeſt infamy,
His buſineſs is to think what rhymes to lye;
Which found, in fury he retorts again,
Strephon 's a very dragon at his pen;
His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
His miſtreſs loſt, and yet his pen 's his ſword.

ELEGIE

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the Memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both adhorr'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlippery place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.

Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewel; farewel, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around.

II.

To the pious Memory of the accompliſhed young Lady Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW, excellent in the two Siſter-Arts of POESY and PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

THOU youngeſt virgin-daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt;
Whoſe palms, new-pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighbouring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou treadſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;

Thou

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of Poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.

For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And ev'n the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſtering ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,

Unmix'd

Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and every light, her Muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.

(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For Poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sifter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy Satyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.

So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with reverence ſtrook;
For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.

Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That Fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;

When in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, ſweet Saint, before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

III.

Upon the Death of the EARL of DUNDEE.

Tranſlated from the Latin of Dr. PITCAIRN.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Nor would'ſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewell, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

ELEO-

IV.

ELEONORA: A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the Memory of

The late COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

To the Right Honble the Earl of ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill; if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval,

interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord; for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the Ancients

for

for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had

never

never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, "The Pattern:" and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands: and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordi-

nary

nary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to ingrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules; and though one of them has deserved

ſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEO-

ELEONORA: A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloath'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe herſelf might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.

Nor

Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than heaven; to heap huge treaſures there.
Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.
Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,

Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heaven appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his œconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflection too ſupplies the night;
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:

Had

Had ſhe given more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.
  Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward ſhoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.
  Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active life long oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.

Her every day was ſabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſt angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with ſacred hymns and acts of love:
Such ſabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which ſhe employs
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in heaven there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in angels lays;
For, praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All offices of heaven ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new:
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this watery glaſs:
Yet look not every lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you 'll ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.

Her

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſeveral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.

Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate:
When he to heaven entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhaling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may ſuit.

Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as every veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt, and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that 's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection: ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.

So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and buſineſs well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of th' aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.

Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each compleat;
But every act ſtood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;

And,

And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odor, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath,
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.
No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:

Ev'n

Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſel'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.

O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaking in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;

Give

Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain.
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relicks (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

On

V.

On the Death of AMYNTAS. A Paſtoral Elegy.

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The fields, and curſt th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and chearleſs was his face:
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promiſe of the day not only croſs'd,
But ev'n the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf, is loſt.
Amyntas—oh!—he could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſs'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:

For

For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt.
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's ſoul.
Then thus he cry'd: the morn beſpoke the news:
The morning did her chearful light diffuſe:
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace;
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature ſmil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could ſurvey:
Juſt like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt.
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on every look,
Ev'n death repented he had given the ſtroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul:

Yet

Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my propheſy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal ſhe may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'ſt thou not hymns and ſongs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and ſing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the ſkies.
The new-come gueſt admires th' ætherial ſtate,
The ſapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the ſhining throng,
He ſhows the paſſport which he brought along.
His paſſport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now ſing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endleſs tears our eyes beſtow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

On the Death of a very young Gentleman.

HE who could view the book of deſtiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the firſt opening page,
So many graces in ſo green an age,
Such wit, ſuch modeſty, ſuch ſtrength of mind,
A ſoul at once ſo manly, and ſo kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after ſome few leaves ſhould find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void ſpace,
A ſtep of life that promis'd ſuch a race.
We muſt not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finiſh him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:
Yet, after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet, durſt I gueſs, heaven kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.

'Tis

'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went too ſoon;
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame 's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

Upon young Mr. Rogers of Glouceſterſhire.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

VIII.

On the Death of Mr. Purcell.

Set to Muſic by Dr. Blow.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing:
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſtening ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:

Struck

Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.

Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

X.

Epitaph on Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's Tomb in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, October 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws;
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.

His

His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

XI.

Under Mr. MILTON's Picture, before his Paradiſe Loſt.

THREE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The firſt, in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The next, in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

XII.

On the MONUMENT of a fair Maiden Lady, who died at Bath, and is there interred.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celeſtial maid.

A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind:
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH on Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, of Burningham, in Norfolk.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
quire at leaſt an age in one to meet.
her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
was gold too fine to mix without allay.
ven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
r very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
o juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
w ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the MONUMENT of the MARQUIS of WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
hoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
nfirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
s here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
what his earthly could not recompence.

Preſerve, O ſacred tomb, thy truſt conſign'd;
The mould was made on purpoſe for the mind:
And ſhe would loſe, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace:
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul;
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd.
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light:
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within:
As through a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen.
And heaven did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe ſought the ſkies:
For marriage, though it ſullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, ſhe ſcarce had more to know:
But only to refreſh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how ſhe found an hour to pray.

A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind:
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH on Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, of Burningham, in Norfolk.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the MONUMENT of the MARQUIS of WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.

Pray reader that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king, ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

XV.

EPITAPH upon the Earl of ROCHESTER's being diſmiſſed from the Treaſury, in 1687.

HERE lies a creature of indulgent fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of ſtate;
In chariot now, Eliſha like, he 's hurl'd
To th' upper empty regions of the world:
The airy thing cuts through the yielding ſky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on earth ſee, with no ſmall delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;
To his firſt leſs than nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous tranſaction!

SONGS,

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

The FAIR STRANGER, a SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt;
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rûle without control
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there 's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

On the YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politicks to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without power enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The

The duke ſhall wield his conquering ſword,
The chancellor make a ſpeech,
The king ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG for St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

II. What

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
When Juhal ſtruck the chorded ſhell,
His liſtening brethren ſtood around,
And, wondring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair, diſdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the power of ſacred lays,
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

IV.

The Tears of AMYNTA, for the Death of DAMON.

SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying

All

All the joys he drain'd before:
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

V.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt;
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah for a languiſhing maid,
In a country of Chriſtians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon, or Catholic prieſt,
T' inſtruct a young virgin, that is at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe!
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Cupid

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhow'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

VI.

THE LADY'S SONG.

I.

A Choir of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our ſhore
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf, and his mother, will mourn
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III. Be

III.

orbear your addreſſes, and court us no more;
or we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
ut if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms:
hen laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
Vhen Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

AIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
rom crouds, whom at your feet you ſee,
pity, and diſtinguiſh me!
s I from thouſand beauties more
iſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

our face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
our every motion charms my mind;
ngels, when you your ſilence break,
orget their hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
ut when at once they hear and view,
re loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

o graces can your form improve,
ut all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
our veil and beauty are in vain:
n pity then prevent my fate,
or after dying all reprieve 's too late.

A SONG.

VIII.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die.
So give up my game.

XI.

RONDELAY.

I.

CLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,

Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain.
Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch, that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

XI.

A SONG to a fair young LADY, Going out of the Town in the Spring.

I.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter ſtorms invert the year:

Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

Or, the POWER of MUSIC,

An ODE, in honour of St. CECILIA's Da

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound,
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.

The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face:

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

Behold

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,

Enlarg'd

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred fire,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

XIII.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHronos, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter

Enter CHRONOS, *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHROOUS. Then, goddeſs of the ſilver bow, begin.

[*Horns, or hunting muſic, within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DI. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.

I courſe

I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,*
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in' t's prime,
CHRONOS. Free from rage:
DIANA. ——— And free from crime.
MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in't's prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;

The

The ſprightly green,
In woodland-walks, no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace,* &c.

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet,* &c.

MOMUS. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only,* &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her,* &c.

CHRONOS. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.

But,

But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana } Thy chace had a beast in view;
[To Mars] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.

JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,

CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beast in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

SONG

XIV.

SONG of a SCHOLAR and his MISTRESS, who being croſs'd by their Friends, fell mad for one another; and now firſt meet in Bedlam.

[MUSIC within.]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHYLLIS. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
'Tis he——'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar:
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what 's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can ſhoot ſo fair a light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I' ll force my way to Phyllis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapors leave my brains.

AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHYLLIS. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay—

AMYNTAS. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We 'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun.

Cho. of both. *At worſt if he delay*, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

PRO-

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE, ſpoken the firſt day of the King's Houſe acting after the Fire.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.

But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE ſpoken at the Opening of the New Houſe, March 26, 1674.

A Plain-built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:

We,

We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he 's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You 're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit.

Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd———
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

III.

EPILOGUE on the ſame occaſion.

THOUGH what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though ſhe 's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud ſirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit;
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may fop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;

So may your midnight ſcowerings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff,
Of rhyme, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Though in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we 'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

IV.

PROLOGUE to the Univerſity of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their ſovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,

And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhip'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit;

Diſdaining

Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make.
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what Is extends.

V.

PROLOGUE to CIRCE.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear:
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit,
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chooſe to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakeſpeare's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.

A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt:
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He 's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

VI.

EPILOGUE intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, when CALISTO was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I 'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I' m weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſovereign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.

You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine:
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE to the MAN of MODE, or Sir FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:

Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks would cry,
I vow, methinks, he 's pretty company:
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travel'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He 's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion 's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet every man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE to MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus.

By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage:
And ev'n thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a meer metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtle intereſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE to CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the bleſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves, and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome of Requeſts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.

Up ſtairs and down you run, as [illegible]
And each man wears three nations [illegible]
So big you look, though claret [illegible]
That, arm'd with bottled ale, [illegible]
But all your entertainment [illegible]
By villains in your own dul [illegible]
Would you return to us, we [illegible]
To ſhew you better rogues upon [illegible]
You know no poiſon but plain [illegible]
Death [illegible] more refin'd, and better [illegible]
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you [illegible]
A trick would make you [illegible]
Murder 's a trade [illegible]
That 'tis infallible [illegible]
But, mark their feaſt, [illegible]
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the [illegible]

PROLOGUE to SOPHO[illegible]

THESPIS, the [illegible]
At country [illegible]
To prove [illegible]
Dicitur & plaut[illegible]
But Æ[illegible]
Was [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
Of [illegible]

But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown;
And Ariſtotle 's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,

Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood,
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muſe:
A meal of tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhyme;
If theſe ſhould fail——
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE to a Tragedy called TAMERLANE [By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he 's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus peeping through the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What 's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you 'd ev'n truſt them to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let 's go, here 's nothing to be done.
Since Love 's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What though he be not come to his full power,
He 's mending and improving every hour.
You ſly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there 's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

XIII.

PROLOGUE to the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral 's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives would bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.

Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

XIV.

PROLOGUE to his Royal Highneſs, upon his firſt Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his Return from Scotland, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the croud:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.

Let

Let them be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs;
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The croud, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus heaven, that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſovereign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

XV.

PROLOGUE to the EARL of ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

Spoken to the King and Queen at their coming to the Houſe.

WHEN firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And heaven had vow'd to curſe the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw;
The dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?

Or,

Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conſpire, and every tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

XVI.

An EPILOGUE for the King's Houſe.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes nine.
The comet, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-houſe earth:

Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin third-days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus's wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

XVII. PROLOGUE

XVII.

PROLOGUE to the LOYAL BROTHER: or, The PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that would be till next queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmund Bury firſt, in woful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There 's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;

Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé, does retire:
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old caſt-whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza
The mitred puppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for faſhion, cry, God ſave the king!
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this prayer.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in croud.
Yet, ſhould heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

XVIII. EPILOGUE

XVIII.

EPILOGUE to the ſame.

A Virgin poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He 's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy;
But, like a girl whom ſeveral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There 's loyalty to one; I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Though nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play 's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.

In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhould two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not ſtand:
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you ſee what trade our plots advance;
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

XIX.

PROLOGUE to the Univerſity of OXFORD, ſpoken by Mr. HART, at the acting of the SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.

Here

Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowlege firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.

He

He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

XX.

EPILOGUE, ſpoken by the ſame.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heaven for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.

Nature

Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of faſhion,
And Wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, the price is rais'd.

XXI.

EPILOGUE, ſpoken at OXFORD, by Mrs. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.

Youth

Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, while the vext world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such antient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

XXII. PROLOG

XXII.

PROLOGUE to the Univerſity of OXFORD.

DIſcord, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence light.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?

Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrolers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford 's a place where wit can never ſtarve,

XXIII.

PROLOGUE to the Univerſity of OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt:
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poets' wit; and trade in ore,
Like thoſe, who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.

London

London likes grosly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.
Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE to CONSTANTINE the GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1684.]

OUR hero 's happy in the play's conclusion;
The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a saint,
The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.

Euſebius, for you know I read Greek authors,
Reports, that, after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here 's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the croud.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
I think my author calls them Tekelites,
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt, they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noiſe his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry;
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to Count Tekely.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.

No

No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who 'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heaven?

XXV.

PROLOGUE to the DISAPPOINTMENT: Or, The MOTHER in FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good-manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.

Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker,
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf;
He 's young enough to be a fop himſelf:
And, if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe,
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face;
And, often, they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt them both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking-bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe,
But was prevented by each careful nurſe.
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there when firſt you came,
You would be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence come to town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound:
He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.

With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpark ſets up for love behind our ſcenes;
Hot in purſuit of princeſſes and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And garret-high rebels againſt his father:
But he once dead——
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet, dreſſing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcowering,
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad ſo liberal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laſt, ſome there are, who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries.
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call ſons of whores, and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and ſtickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

XXVI.

PROLOGUE to the KING and QUEEN, upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care t' inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators:
Both ev'n too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there 's need of two New-Englands more.

What 's this, you 'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When

When men will, needleſsly, their freedom barter
For lawleſs power, ſometimes they catch a Tartar;
There 's, a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd
Charter.

But, ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you 'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight them:
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that ſlight them,
We 'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can
write them.

We 'll take no blundering verſe, no fuſtian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that preſumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of them ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We 've given you Tragedies, all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig ſheriffs may hang together.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE on the ſame Occaſion.

NEW miniſters, when firſt they get in place,
Muſt have a care to pleaſe; and that's our caſe:
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the power ſupreme, will pleaſe to join:
There are a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
Theſe noiſy ſirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.
But ſtay: methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee,
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the fluttering ſparks are rang'd;
The noiſe continues though the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputtering, wauling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter:
Fine love, no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The ſurgeon will be told a woful ſtory.
Let vizard maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe:
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beſide,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar ſo loud, you 'd think behind the ſtairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:
They 're grown a nuſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We 've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.

We

We beg you, ſirs, to beg your men, that they
Would pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-houſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good chriſtians, on your bearns and wives;
Think on your ſouls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you, laſt, our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page ſhould find you there?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there 's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE to the PRINCESS of CLEVES.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1689.]

LADIES! (I hope there 's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear:

A ſecret

A ſecret, which does much my mind perplex:
There 's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex.
A man that 's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets.
A rogue in mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beaſt;
Nay, and he 's like the pack of all the reſt.
None of them ſtick at mark; they all deceive.
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, though we lye, we 're too well-bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too;
And, when found out, excuſe themſelves, pox cant them,
With Latin ſtuff, "Perjuria ridet Amantûm."
I 'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I 'm ſure, I never heard that ſcritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved?
Achitophel 's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foremen of a ſhop, demure:
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.

Well!

Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good ev'n wink;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they 're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

XXIX.

EPILOGUE to the ſame.

A QUALM of conſcience brings me back again,
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquandering ſhows, at leaſt, a noble heart.
I 've heard of men, who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings;
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he 's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since modeſty 's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd.
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation—

We

We ſhew'd a princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I ſhould much abhor
To chooſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial ſchool.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

XXX.

PROLOGUE to the WIDOW RANTER.

[By Mrs. BEHN, 1690.]

HEaven ſave you, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Y'are welcome to the downfall of the ſtage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erſtocks the town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not ſell.
In vain our wares on theatres are ſhown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There 's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity.

Fools

Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence;
And yet, as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there 's a muſs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt;
A ſign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there 's no longer need,
When we 're ſupply'd ſo fait with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, countrymen, drink, ſwear, and roar;
Let every free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the punk is common, he 's a ſot,
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

XXXI.

PROLOGUE to ARVIRAGUS and PHILICIA Revived:

[By LODOWICK CARLELL, Eſq.]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

WITH ſickly actors and an old houſe too,
We 're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays, nor new adorn.

If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or ſee ſome ſerious piece, which we preſume
Is fallen from ſome incomparable plume;
And therefore, Meſſieurs, if you 'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preſerve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or aſk you why ye like them? they are French.
Therefore ſome go with courteſy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhew their breeding:
Each lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the jeſt.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us Engliſh where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hoſpitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wiſh for your own ſakes, without a ſatire,
You 'd leſs good breeding, or had more good-nature.

XXXII. PROLOGUE

XXXII.

PROLOGUE to the PROPHETESS.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Revived by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Noſtradame, with all his art, can gueſs
The fate of our approaching Propheteſs?
A play, which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains; and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow ſated, ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men, ev'n ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes:
They riſe three ſtories in their towering dreſs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.

In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,
Your ſilver goes, that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our ſtage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return;
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious Muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights:
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

XXXIII. PRO-

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GEntlemen, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, ſniveling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

Save ye ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the duce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I 'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke.
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets.
His ſquibs are only level'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two in ſober ſadneſs.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half a crown.
You 'll ſay, I play the pimp, on my friend's ſcore;
But, ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er
For many a mother has done that before.
How 's this, you cry? an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakeſpeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning, often fail'd?
But Shakeſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our buſineſs here:
So much for that;—and the devil take ſmall beer.

XXXIV. Epi-

XXXIV.

EPILOGUE to HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Jean your wife:
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind 's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:

Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Though for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

XXXV.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He 's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce; for he 's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuffering part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflower his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin:
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He 'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail:
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſerters bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee;
Enow to fill another Mercury!

But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colours you forſook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight;
A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With arms offenſive and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and [illegible]er writ.

And Jonſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchemiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:
Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſun-ſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licence, though they want the art;

And

And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats ſtand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you 're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

XXXVII.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow:
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall-chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In Comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.

Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run;
And get ſeven devils, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face:
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let them go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
For every critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

XXXVIII. Pro

XXXVIII.

PROLOGUE to the HUSBAND his own CUCKOLD.

LIKE ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the Parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durſt come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſome little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care.
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to ſpare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there 's ſcarce one,
But has as little as the very Parſon:
Both ſay, they preach and write for your inſtruction;
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parſon 'tis another caſe,
He, without holineſs, may riſe to grace;
The Poet has one diſadvantage more,
That, if his play be dull, he 's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's preferment:
Wit 's not his buſineſs; and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much yours as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous beaux.

You

You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears:
The taylor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs, and monſtrous muff.
The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe,
For though th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he ſcarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE to the PILGRIM.

Revived for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worſe, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character,—That 's I.
He, who writes letters to himſelf, would ſwear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.

What

What ſhould a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhown:
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he founders in, and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.

At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We knew not by what name we ſhould arraign him.
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XL.

Epilogue to the Pilgrim.

PERHAPS the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But ſure, a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud, ſo good a government to ſerve;

And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the Poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.

In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oats, and we our Hains.

EPIGRAM,

On the Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH's Picture.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the ſtage:
She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were ſhe a poet, ſhe would ſurely boaſt,
That all the world for pearls had well been loſt.

EPITAPH.

Intended for Mr. DRYDEN's Wife.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now ſhe's at reſt, and ſo am I.

DESCRIPTION of old JACOB TONSON*.

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

* On Tonſon's refuſing to give Dryden the price he aſked for his Virgil, the Poet ſent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them, can "write more." The money was paid.

VERSES TO MR. DRYDEN.

To the unknown AUTHOR of ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

TAKE it as earneſt of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vaſt, your verſe divinely good:
Where, though the Nine their beauteous ſtrokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook them at a heat.
So all ſerenely great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like angels love to human ſeed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis ſpirit ſeen, whoſe fiery atoms roll,
So brightly fierce, each ſyllable 's a ſoul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he 's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom ev'n the fanaticks altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe;
As if a Milton from the dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the ruſt, and the right party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the gloomy ſay;
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
Tis gracious all, and great: Puſh on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.
David, that rebel Iſrael's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.

The beauties of your Abſalom excel:
But more the charms of charming Annabel:
Of Annabel, than May's firſt morn more bright,
Chearful as ſummer's noon, and chaſte as winter's night.
Of Annabel, the Muſes deareſt theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
And to your maſter-piece theſe ſhadows ſend.

NAT. LEE.

*** Mr DUKE's verſes to Mr Dryden may be ſeen in the volume of his Poems.

To the concealed AUTHOR of ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

HAIL, heaven-born Muſe! hail, every ſacred page!
The glory of our iſle and of our age.
Th' inſpiring ſun to Albion draws more nigh,
The north at length teems with a work, to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majeſty.
While Pindus' lofty heights our poet ſought,
(His raviſh'd mind with vaſt ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his riſing thought.
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines:
Through each of which the Mantuan Genius ſhines.
The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he ſails;

The dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail then, thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your country fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain; for every where your praiſe you find,
And, not to meet it, you muſt ſhun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their idol cauſe:
The cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor ſpar'd the royal blood;
The cauſe, whoſe growth to cruſh, our prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one ſtab of your keen ſatire dies:
Before your ſacred lines their ſhatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The fire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:
Deny'd our ready homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs;
This hope remains: May David's godlike mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown author find;
And, having found, ſhower equal favours down
On wit ſo vaſt, as could oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

Upon the AUTHOR of the MEDAL.

ONCE more our awful poet arms, t'engage
The threatening hydra-faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And every Muſe attends him to the field.

By art and nature for this task design'd,
Yet modestly the fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the torrent of his verse to pour,
Nor loos'd his satire till the needful hour.
His sovereign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Blest Muse, whose wit with such a cause was crown'd,
And blest the cause that such a champion found!
With chosen verse upon the foe he falls,
And black sedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with subjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conquest he rebates his rage;
His fury not without distinction sheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To less-infected members gentle found,
Or spares, or else pours balm into the wound.
Such generous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuse,
And trespass on the mercy of his Muse:
Their wretched doggrel rhymers forth they bring,
To snarl and bark against the poets' king;
A crew, that scandalize the nation more,
Than all their treason-canting priests before.
On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
But on their powerful patrons turns his style:
A style so keen, as ev'n from faction draws
The vital poison, stabs to th' heart their cause.
Take then, great Bard, what tribute we can raise;
Accept our thanks, for you transcend our praise.

N. TATE.

To

To the unknown Author of the Medal; and of Absalom and Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raiſe:
They knew not the lov'd deity; they knew
Divine effects a cauſe divine did ſhew;
Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, though the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble verſe declare.

As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful ſong,
Glides in a peaceful majeſty along;
No rebel ſtone, no lofty bank, does brave
The eaſy paſſage of his ſilent wave:
So, ſacred poet, ſo thy numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers wooe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet ſoft as down upon the wings of love.
How ſweet does virtue in your dreſs appear;
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere!
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſsly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy ſtile;
Y' inſinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking many cheat.
So the ſweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you.

O that you would, with ſome ſuch powerful charm,
Enervate Albion to juſt valour warm!
Whether much-ſuffering Charles ſhall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James's ſword.
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might paſs the ſubject main,
Another Edward lead the Britons on,
Or ſuch an Offory as you did moan;
While in ſuch numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let falſe Achitophel the rout engage,
Talk eaſy Abſalom to rebel rage;
Let frugal Shimei curſe in holy zeal,
Or modeſt Corah more new plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of fate,
Good David ſtill maintains the royal ſtate.
Though each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtand, and ev'n thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair Albion, midſt the raging main,
Surveys incircling danger with diſdain.
In vain the waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs ſhine whiter than before.
Nor ſhalt thou move, though hell thy fall conſpire,
Though the worſe rage of zeal's fanatic fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt of the Britiſh race,
Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.
Ah, wretched Britons! ah, too ſtubborn iſle!
Ah, ſtiff-neck'd Iſrael on bleſt Canaan's ſoil!

Are

Are thoſe dear proofs of heaven's indulgence vain,
Reſtoring David and his gentle reign?
Is it in vain thou all the goods doſt know,
Auſpicious ſtars on mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with milk, thy lands with honey flow?
No more, fond iſle! no more thyſelf engage
In civil fury, and inteſtine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land moleſt,
But a ſmooth calm ſoothe every peaceful breaſt.
While in ſuch charming notes divinely ſings
The beſt of poets, of the beſt of kings.

J. ADAMS.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his RELIGIO LAICI.

THOSE Gods the pious ancients did adore,
They learnt in verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of talk, when they did to ſuch beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion firſt, thought fit
In verſe its ſacred precepts to tranſmit:
So Solon too did his firſt ſtatutes draw,
And every little ſtanza was a law.
By theſe few precedents we plainly ſee
The primitive deſign of poetry;
Which, by reſtoring to its native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcued from abuſe.
Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God, and godlike king,

Atheiſt, and rebel too, ſhe does oppoſe
(God and the king have always the ſame foes).
Legions of verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the factious to obedience;
You the bold Arian to arms defy,
A conquering champion for the Deity
Againſt the whigs firſt parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian firſt began,
Is carried on by the Socinian,
Who ſtill aſſociates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the prince of poets' taſk alone
T' aſſert the rights of God's and Charles's throne.
Whilſt vulgar poets purchaſe vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phyllis' name;
Whoſe reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As fops and ladies ſing the amorous ſong.
A nobler ſubject wiſely they refuſe,
The mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.
So, ſtory tells, a painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity:
And he, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a minor-god with wondrous art:
But when great Jove did to the workman ſit,
The thunderer ſuch horror did beget,
That put the frighted artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his pencil drop from 's baffled hand.

To

To Mr. Dryden, upon his Tranſlation of the Third Book of Virgil's Georgicks.

A PINDARIC ODE.

By Mr. John Dennis.

WHILE mounting with expanded wings
The Mantuan ſwan unbounded heaven explores,
While with ſeraphic ſounds he towering ſings,
Till to divinity he ſoars:
Mankind ſtands wondering at his flight,
Charm'd with his muſick, and his height:
Which both tranſcend our praiſe.
Nay Gods incline their raviſh'd ears,
And tune their own harmonious ſpheres,
To his melodious lays.
Thou, Dryden, canſt his notes recite
In modern numbers, which expreſs
Their muſick, and their utmoſt might:
Thou, wondrous poet, with ſucceſs
Canſt emulate his flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble rural things,
Thy Muſe, which keeps great Maro ſtill in ſight,
In middle air with varied numbers ſings;
And ſometimes her ſonorous flight
To heaven ſublimely wings.
But firſt takes time with majeſty to riſe,
Then, without pride, divinely great,
She mounts her native ſkies;
And, Goddeſs like, retains her ſtate
Then down again ſhe flies.

Com-

Commands, which judgment gives, ſhe ſtill obeys,
Both to depreſs her flight, and raiſe.
Thus Mercury from heaven deſcends,
And to this under world his journey bends,
When Jove his dread commands has given:
But, ſtill, deſcending, dignity maintains,
As much a God upon our humble plains,
As when he, towering, re-aſcends to heaven.

III.

But when thy Goddeſs takes her flight,
With ſo much majeſty, to ſuch a height,
As can alone ſuffice to prove,
That ſhe deſcends from mighty Jove:
Gods! how thy thoughts then riſe, and ſoar, and ſhine!
Immortal ſpirit animates each line;
Each with bright flame that fires our ſouls is crown'd,
Each has magnificence of ſound,
And harmony divine.
Thus the firſt orbs, in their high rounds,
With ſhining pomp advance;
And to their own celeſtial ſounds
Majeſtically dance.
On, with eternal ſymphony, they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious courſe,
And each inform'd by the prodigious force
Of an empyreal ſoul.

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